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"It will flourish, if naturalists, chemists, antiquaries, philologers, and men of science in different parts of *Asia*, will commit their observations to writing, and send them to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. It will languish, if such communications shall be long intermitted; and it will die away, if they shall entirely cease." SIR WM. JONES.

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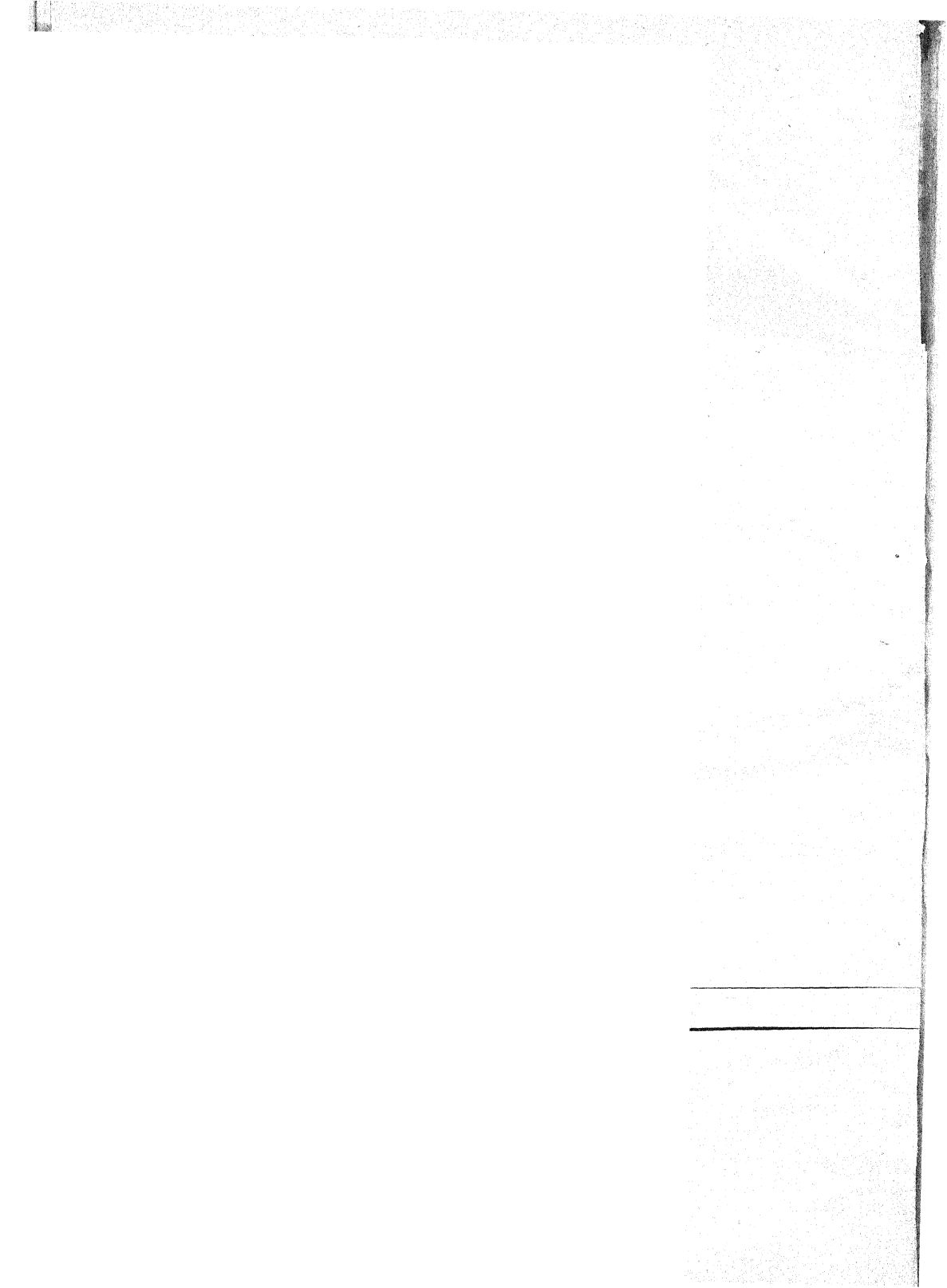
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JOURNAL

OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.



Vol. LXVIII. Part III.—ANTHROPOLOGY AND
COGNATE SUBJECTS.

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No. I.—1899.  
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I.—*Some Khond Songs.*—By J. E. FRIEND-PEREIRA. *Communicated
by the Anthropological Secretary.*

[Received October 24th; Read 7th December, 1898].

The songs of the Khonds have no pretensions to poetry—that is, poetry in the sense of finished literary productions. They are composed in a rude and often ungrammatical language; they are loosely constructed, and carelessly worded, and vague in meaning; they are destitute of anything in the nature of metre or rhyme; and above all they are often a grotesque medley of the serious and the ludicrous, resulting in a frequent descent to what is known as bathos. But yet they possess a peculiar charm of their own. They are eminently true to nature; and their crude and half developed thoughts, struggling through a mist of faulty expression, occasionally afford a glimpse of high imaginings, of tender feelings, and of fanciful imagery. And when they are sung to the weirdly plaintive melodies that seem to have been caught from the sigh of the wind in the gloomy depths of the forest, or the moan of the waterfall over some desolate mountain side, they reach an intensity of beauty that is enchanting.

The sentiment of love, which is probably as old as the human race, has been the subject of both poet and painter from time immemorial. To a people like the Khonds, among whom real courtship and a reciprocal feeling of affection form the preliminaries to marriage, it becomes the great topic of song. It is appropriate that a love-song should take the first place in a paper like this.

The Wooing.

Gladden my heart,¹
 To-day is the (fateful) day.
 Move your body in dance,
 Here in this place.²
 Why do you decline, my darling,
 For what reason do you decline ?
 My love, gladden my mind,
 And shed lustre on your country.
 Come, little woman,
 Will you take away my honour ?
 Come, little one,
 Will you take away my reputation ?
 (*i.e.*, by refusing me in the presence of my friends)
 A crowd has gathered together
 On your account ;
 Groups have collected together
 For your sweet sake.
 With the happy eyes of a *titeri* bird
 We shall see you dance ;
 With the happy eyes of a *jogeri* bird
 We shall watch your posture.
 Move the joints of your body,
 Move both your arms.³
 Your mother having given birth to you,
 Dance gracefully ;
 Your father having produced you,
 Dance rhythmically.
 Come, my beloved,
 I shall tie up your Pan-woven cloth round your waist ;
 Come, my beloved,
 I shall tie up your Gond-woven cloth round your waist.⁴

¹ Gladden my 'liver,' in the original.

² The youth does not mean to tease his sweetheart into dancing on the spot for the entertainment of his friends. Dancing is very dear to the heart of a Khond girl; and the words convey a gentle flattery of her skill in the art, and of the pleasure she will give by leading the dance among the village girls at the proper time under the starlit skies.

³ The essence of a Khond dance consists in posturing, and in the graceful and rhythmic movement of the different members of the body.

⁴ This is the preliminary ceremony performed before a dance begins. The girls come forward bashfully, and their sweethearts, if they have any, or their

On your account
 We have come ;
 To fulfil your desire
 We have come.
 Do not behave so as to take away my honour (by refusing),
 Your (intended) husband has come ;
 Do not let my labour go in vain,
 Your (intended) husband has come.
 Bear for a little (while) my wishes on your head,
 You are the millet-stalk, and I the grains you bear.
 On your account
 I will take a great she-buffalo,
 On your account
 I will take a great he-buffalo ;
 Both our people will go together.
 On account of my great love (for you)
 I cannot leave you.
 And the obstacle to our daily converse
 Will be removed (*i.e.*, by your coming with me).
 I cannot, will not, leave you.
 On your account
 I will bring a brass water-pot ;
 On your account
 I will bring a water-pot pulled out from the potter's wheel.
 I will procure them from Tikabali
 After giving silver pieces ;
 I will procure them from Erabali
 After giving ⁴British rupees.
 Why are you afraid, little woman ?
 You have a father ;
 Against your being afraid
 The village-father will speak to you ;
 Against your being distressed
 The neighbour-father will speak to you ;
 They are people of another village.¹
 I will take you to my dwelling,
 I will take you to my house.

brothers or cousins, proceed to unwind the cloth from their shoulder and tie it round their waist so as to leave a streamer floating behind, which wags about like a tail during the movements of the dance.

¹ The idea is 'why are you afraid. You may question the headman and villagers of my village ; they are perfect strangers to you and therefore unbiassed. They will tell you the truth that you have nothing to fear.'

I will give a large gelded pig to the village headman,
 I will give a large boar to the village headman.
 I will lighten the sorrow of your aunt (father's younger brother's
 wife),
 I will kill a buffalo for a feast to your mother.
 I will hold a flowered earthen jar,
 I will hold a jar of liquor.
 There at Kerigora
 Is Chakar Sahu.¹
 At Dongolgora
 I will call a meeting of the elders ;
 I will settle everything at the meeting,
 On your account, little woman,
 For your sweet sake, little woman.

At the great dances by night on the village green (which sometimes last till the grey streaks of dawn appear in the East) songs in dialogue form are sung with true bucolic abandon. From their structure these songs afford ample scope for unpremeditated digressions and amplifications to a witty youth or a pert maiden, so much so, that the text is frequently mutilated. The following is a love-song in dialogue ; its merit is its true representation of human nature.

The lovers' meeting.

Youth—Come, little woman, move your shoulders in dance,
 Come, my darling, move your body in dance.²
Maid—O youth, I have no ornaments on my ankles,
 O youth, I have no rings on my fingers.
Youth—Take, little woman, and wear these rings,
 Take, little woman, and wear these anklets,
 Take, little woman, and wear these brass (ornaments),
 Why do you refuse?—Deck yourself with brass.

¹ This is characteristic of the Khond : he has no thought of the morrow and will run headlong into debt on the slightest provocation. The idea is 'there is no anxiety on the score of money ; there is Chakar Sahu in Kerigora who will lend me (at an exorbitant rate of interest of course) as much as I require.' Chakar Sahu is still alive—a sleek, oily, old man who has retired from active business in favour of his four sons. He is a well-known money lender and liquor vendor, and is never happy unless he has a case in court. We may be able to guess the date of the composition of the song from the probability that Chakar Sahu was in the zenith of his fame about fifteen or twenty years ago.

² The invitation to dance seems to be a popular greeting of lovers.

Maid—O youth, strike the strings of your lute,
 O youth, strike the chords of your lute,
 Dear youth, I shall move my body in dance,
 Dear youth, I shall move my shoulders in dance.

Youth—Come, my darling, come closer to me (*i.e.*, why are you bashful),
 Come, little woman, to move your body in dance,
 Why do you refuse, tell me,
 For what reason do you refuse, point out to me.

Maid—O youth, will you give me pice ?
 Dear youth, will you give me double pice ?
 O youth, will you buy me *muri* ?
 Dear youth, will you buy me *lia* ?¹

Youth—My beloved one, say shall it be Gonda *muri* ?
 My beloved one, say shall it be Sasi *muri* ?

(*To his companion*) Come, my companion, let us (fetch) *lia* to please her,
 Come, my companion, let us (fetch) *muri* to please her.

Maid—Dear youth, why do you not give it to me,
 O youth, for what reason do you not give it to me,
 O youth, why are you displeased with me,
 Dear youth, why are you angry with me.

Youth—Come, beloved one, let our feet step together in love,
 Come, beloved one, let our hands move together in affection,
 My darling, will your (worth) be lessened ?
 My little woman, will your (worth) be spilt over ?²

Maid—Ah youth, let our love be twisted together like the strands of
 a rope,
 Dear youth, let our love be entwined together like the creeper
 round a tree,

Ah youth, let us never be separated,
 Dear youth, let us never be parted.

Youth—Little one, our bodies are matched,
 Little one, our complexions are matched,
 Little woman, we shall be mated,
 My darling, we shall be united.

Maid—Ah youth, never let our union be dissolved,
 Dear youth, never let our connection be broken,
 Ah youth, let your life and my life be one,
 Dear youth, let your life and my life be together.

Youth—Come, little woman, you are mine till death,
 My little one, we are one till the end of our lives,

¹ *Muri* and *lia* : sweetmeat made of parched rice and molasses.

² The meaning is 'there is no harm in your dancing with me.'

Come, my darling, our footsteps shall be together
 Little woman, we shall go hand in hand together.

Maid—O youth, my mother is calling me,
 O youth, my father is calling me.

Youth—Stay, little woman, I will give you a comb,
 Stay, little woman, I will give you rings.

Maid—O youth, give them to me quickly then,
 Dear youth, I am going.

Youth—Take, little woman, I am going also,
 Here, little woman, it is late for me also.

Maid—Give then, O youth, I hold my hand open,
 Give then, O youth, place them in my outstretched hand.

Youth.—Come, let us go, little woman, it is late for me,
 Come, little woman, let us both go.

Maid—O youth, you will not tell anyone I asked you for a comb,
 O youth, you will not tell anyone I asked you for rings.

Youth—No, little one, I have given them of my own accord,
 No, little one, I have given them as my life.

Maid—O youth, let this (meeting) remain a secret,¹
 Dear youth, let our names remain unknown,
 O youth, here in this country,
 Dear youth, in other lands.
 O youth, tell me when will you come again ?
 O youth, speak to me, when will you come again ?
 Dear youth, give me a tender word at parting,
 Dear youth, do not say anything unkind.

Youth—My little one, (you know) where the mango tree grows,
 My little one, (you know) where the *nim* tree grows,

Maid—O youth, let our (meeting) remain a secret,
 Here in this place.

I am going, O youth, you stay.

Youth—I am going also, you stay.

The next specimen is a dialogue between a tart tempered woman and her good-natured and rather loutish husband. There is a quiet raillery in what she says, but the vein of irony and the self-glorification are somewhat too pronounced. The argument of the song is—The husband comes to his father-in-law's house to take his shrew of a wife home. She evidently laughs at the simple fellow and refuses to go with him. But though dense

¹ The meeting between the lovers is clandestine; but as is usual among the Khonds, and the Sontals also, the youth is accompanied by a friend who is in the secret.

of comprehension he possesses considerable tact: instead of attempting a war of words he calls her his queen. His wife is flattered and mollified, and consents to go with him; but womanlike she cannot refrain from wagging her tongue. Afterwards when the man acquires wealth and becomes famous throughout the land she claims all the credit of his success in life.

Husband.—Will you come or not,
You my little wife;
Will you go or not,
You my little wife.

Wife.—I shall always say 'no' to you,
I shall go to Orapa village in the jungles;
I shall ever say 'no' to you,
I shall go to Binge village in the jungles.

Husband.—If both our minds agree,
We shall carry ourselves with sense;
If both our wishes are the same,
We shall carry ourselves in love.
Let it be well, we shall build a house,
Let it be ill, we shall erect a dwelling.

Wife.—How will you ever do a wise act
While you keep your gaze fixed on me;
How will you ever do a sensible act
While you keep arguing with me.
Go and buy sense
You are always arguing with me;
Go and buy wisdom
You are always arguing with me.

Husband.—I have indeed no sense
O queen of women;
I have indeed no wisdom
O queen of the country.

Wife.—Come along with me, my dear,
I shall buy wisdom for you;
Come along with me, my husband,
I shall beg sense for you;
You do not possess wisdom,
I will bring and give it to you;
You do not know sense,
Come, I will teach it to you.

Husband.—Come, let us go, my queen of women,
What path shall we take?

Come, my queen of the country,
 What road shall we go ?
Wife.—If I lead the way I shall take you to the jungles,
 If I go first I shall take you to the jungles.
 Take an axe and now come along,
 We shall go to the *Konga* hill ;
 Take a sickle and now come along,
 We shall cut the thatching grass,
 To cut the wood will you go or not ?
 To cut the thatching grass will you go or not ?
 Well come along we shall both go together.
 If we wish to cut (the wood and grass) we shall do so ;
 If we wish to bring (the wood and grass) we shall do so.
 To an ignoramus I will give (work) to dig up grass,
 To a fool I will give (work) to cut grass.
 I am teaching him, father,
 From the time of the *biko* paddy ;
 I am making him understand, father,
 From the time of the *tureka* paddy.
 He (is) destitute of wisdom, father,
 I am teaching him and keeping him ;
 He (is) destitute of sense, father,
 I am instructing him and protecting him.
 After having been instructed,
 He purchased twelve kinds of wisdom ;
 After having been made to understand,
 He purchased twenty kinds of sense.
 After having been instructed, father,
 He has performed works of wisdom ;
 After having been made to understand, father,
 He has done things of sense.
 After having learnt wisdom, father,
 He has cut down small trees ;
 After having been instructed, father,
 He knows how to cut down trees.
 Through his exceeding sense, father,
 He has worked twelve ploughs ;
 Through his exceeding wisdom, father,
 He is working twelve ploughs.
 And he has done well, father,
 The inside of his house ;
 And he has done badly, father,
 The partitions of his house.

Like the clumps of bamboo on the hill, father,
 He has taken root all over the land ;
 Like the clumps of bamboos on the hill, father,
 He has purchased the whole country.
 The contemptible man, father,
 Is now a mighty archer ;
 The puny man, father,
 Now holds a brass mounted axe.
 He is conquering the country, father,
 The possessor of wisdom ;
 He is vanquishing the country, father,
 The possessor of sense.
 Through the four *Kambos*, father,
 His reputation has dispersed ;
 Through the three *Kambos*, father,
 His fame has spread.
 He has become illustrious, father,
 The widow's son ;
 He has become powerful, father,
 The son of poverty.
 He is like a curved sword, father,
 His wisdom pours out (like grain) from a *visa* measure ;
 He is like a glittering sword, father,
 His wisdom pours out (like grain) from a *tambi* measure.
 He possesses all the good like a *Sahab* son ;
 He possesses all the bad like a *raja* son.
 He is always writing with a quill from the Kite's wing ;
 He is always casting up accounts with a quill from the
 vulture's wing.
 He possesses all the good like unto his own gold
 He possesses all the bad like unto his own silver.

The Khonds have no national song. The main section of the great Kolarian race—the Sontals—can boast of some narrative poems (very curiously not in their mother-tongue but in an ancient Hindi dialect) recounting their origin, their wanderings in different lands, their deeds in battle, their defeats and lamentations, and their final settling down in the Sikar country in Hazaribagh. The Khonds have nothing similar. All they possess is a vague tradition that they were driven away by a stronger race from the tracts that constitute the modern Gaya District, and that they gradually found their way through Chota Nagpur and the Gondwana to the hills that form their present home. However they have a hymn that may be called national. It is an invocation to the great earth-god whose

worship was the only chain that bound together a people split up into innumerable tribes and clans at perpetual feud with each other. The original hymn that used to be sung when the ghastly human sacrifice was offered is now almost forgotten. The newer version dates from the time a buffalo was substituted for the human victim.

HYMN TO THE EARTH-GOD.

(*New version.*)

Thou hast come, thou hast come, O curved-horn buffalo,
 To thy death thou hast come.
 This is the long wished-for day, thou hast come,
 There is no *aku lia* for thee.
 To-day is the fateful day, thou hast come,
 There is no *gur lia* for thee.
 In the days that have gone by
 Thou wouldst have known *arka* ¹ liquor ;
 In the days that will not come again
 Thou wouldst have seen *kueri* ² liquor.
 O buffalo, in the days of thy youth
 Thou wast yoked to a plough.
 Thou hast rendered an account of the *budam khet*,³
 Thou hast rendered an account of the *lada khet*,⁴
 Of all the *khet*s that thou hast wandered in.
 At present through fear of the *sahab* sons
 From thy shoulder we take the flesh ; ⁵
 Through fear of the *pathan* sons
 From thy cheek we take the flesh.⁶
 In the country of former times
 We used to bury a human being.
 Do not cry out to me, O beautiful buffalo,
 Do not cry out to me, O curved-horn buffalo.
 As the tears streams from thine eyes
 So may the rain pour down in *Asar* ;
 As the mucus trickles from thy nostrils
 So may it drizzle at intervals ;

¹ and ² Species of millet.

³ A deep paddy field.

⁴ A shallow paddy field.

⁵ An allusion to the suppression of the *Meria* sacrifice.

⁶ Probably Mahomedan Sepoys were employed in the *Meria* agency.

As thy blood gushes forth
 So may the vegetation sprout ;
 As thy gore falls in drops
 So may the grains of rice form.
 For the large granaries
 Let a profusion of rice come in ;
 For the large store baskets
 Let them be full to overflowing.
 We have decked thee out in trappings,
 A *sisu* wood yoke for thee,
 For thee we have made ;
 A *mutanga* wood yoke for thee,
 For thee we have made.
 Alongside of the front door
 The *dimbu* eats the yoke,
 Thy yoke of *sisu* wood ;
 The *tutur* eats the yoke,
 Thy yoke of *mutanga* wood.
 O demon of the refuse heap,¹
 O demon of the dung-hill,²
 Go you to sleep, go you to sleep.
 For twenty years sleep thou,
 O demon of the refuse heap ;
 For twelve years sleep thou,
 O demon of the dung-hill.³
 Keep illness away, keep fever away,
 To you will I sacrifice a beautiful buffalo.
 Do not touch the children
 Be as one dead O earth-god ;
 Do not touch the little ones
 O earth-god, O deaf, unheeding earth-god.
 Holding the clappers of *gumeri* wood,
 Holding the clappers of *tili* wood,
 I cry over thy withers, O buffalo.
 The *kakori* wheel in dance overhead on thy account ;
 The *sikori* wheel in dance overhead on thy account.

1 and 2 Turki Penu and Pinga Penu. It is remarkable that the Khonds know that filth and decaying refuse are the principal factors in causing epidemic diseases. And yet their villages are anything but clean.

3 There seems to be some confusion here. The principal demons are invoked at the sacrifice to the earth-god ; but it is the earth-god who is implored to go to sleep for 15 or 20 years.

For thee have I constructed a roof of knotted bamboos,
 For thee have I constructed a roof of cubit long bamboos.
 Go away from to-day,
 Go away to where the sun sets.
 Farewell, I have made thee go,
 I have forced thee to depart.

There is room for one more song, a quaint composition that recounts the earliest dealings of the English with the people. The names of the zealous officers Captains Campbell and MacPherson who worked so hard and successfully to put down the human sacrifice that was rife among the Khond tribes are immortalized in the song.

Song.

Sometimes of a goat, sometimes of an old man, sometimes of a *sundi*,
 sometimes of a verandah, the mouth is drinking liquor! ¹
 At the liquor place ² the old men are discussing events that happened in
 the days gone by.

The twelve brothers having sat down are talking of olden times, and
 they are bantering each other on matrimonial affairs.

Thereafter having drunk liquor the *budha* ³ is talking big.

"I, and I alone, am the greatest in the land," thus speaks the *budha*
 of the Maliko Kuaro.

"Speakest thou thus, Maliko Kuaro, in my presence—I the lame *kurmo*
budha?" ⁴

"Speakest thou thus, Maliko Kuaro, up to my very face—You the
 people who came after me?"

"When I die you will obtain the sovereignty of the country—then
 thou canst talk big."

"Listen! I say, O brothers and uncles, thou wilt cause terror to the
 people."

"After causing terror to the people thou wilt work and raise *seringa*
songa." ⁵

¹ The idea is, every imaginable topic is discussed when the tongue is loosened over the wine cup.

² In every Khond village there is a place set apart in the open where the convivial spirits congregate and quaff and gossip.

³ The head of the Khonds. Nati Kuaro and Nati Maliko were two brothers from whom the principal tribes trace their origin.

⁴ There is a tradition that the Khonds ousted the *Kurmo* from the hills. The *Kurmo* are not the same as the *Kurmis* of Behar, but a caste of earth diggers.

⁵ *Seringa*. Turmeric.

Songa. An edible *Caladium*.

“If thou dost not work thy children will die : purchase bullocks and buffaloes and ploughs.”

“After raising *seringa songa* thou shalt purchase silver and gold. The *hât* is sitting in Belmuta.”

“After beautifying the country purchase bullocks and buffaloes ; cultivate the land.”

“I am speaking—the lame *kurmo budha* is speaking.”

Then when the *kurmo budha* died they divided the country and they worked.

All the crops, *deri, kueri, masa, kauluka, kusa, mogo, kontoka kudinga* they sowed.

At the time of the great Kiabon Saheb's¹ coming the country was in darkness ; it was enveloped in mist.

And how was the country enveloped in mist ?—there was murder and bloodshed ; conflagration of villages ; destruction of rice and crops.²

Brothers and uncles sat together and deliberated how they were to act. While they were discussing whether they would live or die the great Kaibon Saheb came.

All the people fled in terror ; the Saheb said, “brothers, uncles, fear not ; Maliko Knaro come to me.”

Having sent *paiks* to collect the people of the land (they), having surrounded them, caught the *meria* sacrificers.

Having caught the *meria* sacrificers they brought (them) ; and again they went and seized the evil councillors.

Having seen the chains and shakles the people were afraid ; murder and bloodshed were quelled.

Then the land became beautiful ; and a certain Mokodella Saheb³ came. He destroyed the lairs of the tigers and bears in the hills and rocks, and taught wisdom to the people.

After the lapse of a month he built bungalows and schools ; and he advised them to learn reading and law.

They learnt wisdom and reading ; they acquired silver and gold ; then all the people became wealthy.

¹ In 1836 Captain Campbell was appointed Assistant to the Collector of Ganjam with a view to stamp out the human sacrifice which was rife among the Khonds.

² The innumerable Khond tribes were perpetually at feud with each other before the British occupation. An excellent description of a tribal fight will be found in Hunter's Statistical Account of the Orissa Tributary States.

³ Captain MacPherson succeeded Captain Campbell in 1842, and the 'agency for the suppression of human sacrifice and female infanticide' was established by Act XXI of 1845 with Captain MacPherson as the first Agent. To him belongs the credit of first introducing a mild system of government among the wild people.

II.—*Bengali and Behari Folk-lore about Birds, Part II.*—By ÇARAT CHANDRA MITRA. Communicated by the Anthropological Secretary.

[Received 26th October ; Read 7th December, 1898].

The Kite :—*The Shankar Chil* is known to naturalists as the *Haliastur indus* (Bodd.), but is commonly known to Europeans in India as the Brahminy Kite. This bird is popularly supposed to be the sacred Garuḍa, the mythical bird, half eagle and half man, which in Hindu mythology is the *vāhana* or “vehicle” of Vishnu, as is evidenced by the fact that, in Canarese and Telegu, the name Garuḍa is applied to this bird. The popular English appellation of Brahminy Kite is applied to this bird on account of its being associated, in the popular imagination, with the god Vishnu ; just as the sacred bull is called Brahminy Bull on account of its being associated with the god Siva whose vehicle it is.

There is also another legend connected with the Brahminy Kite. There was a semi-mythical Hindu king whose name was Kāṃsa, but who was a great tyrant. It was one day miraculously prophesied to Kāṃsa that the infant child, whom his sister Devaki was about to give birth to, would destroy him. Hearing this prophecy, King Kāṃsa ordered that the child, whether male or female, born of his sister Devaki should be killed as soon as it would be ushered into existence. On the night of the Janmāstamī Day, Devaki gave birth to the infant Krishna who was to be the future destroyer of Kāṃsa. The night was a stormy one. In order that the prophecy might be fulfilled, the infant Krishna was miraculously conveyed to the house of a neighbouring king, whose name was Nanda and whose queen had also the same night given birth to a daughter. The infant Krishna was substituted for Nanda's daughter who was taken to Devaki's house. As soon as the news that Devaki had given birth to a child, reached king Kāṃsa's ears, he, at once, sent messengers to slay the new-born child. In the meantime, King Nanda's daughter having been miraculously substituted for the infant Krishna, the messengers arrived in Devaki's house and proceeded to slay the new-born child. As soon as they were about to kill the child, King Nanda's daughter assumed the form of a *Shankar Chil* or Brahminy Kite and flew away, uttering the words that he, who was to kill King Kāṃsa, was thriving in the house of Nanda, King of Gokula. It is on account of the association of this bird with the god Vishnu and his incarnation Krishna, that it is held sacred in Bengal. Whenever Bengali children see a Brahminy Kite, they cry out :

मङ्कर चिलेर घटी वाटी ।

गोदा चिलेर सुखे छाती ॥

TRANSLATION.

Let drinking vessels and cups be given to the *Shankar Chil* or Brahminy Kite; but let the Common Kite (*Milvus govinda*, Sykes) get a kick on its face.

I think the specific name *govinda* given by Sykes to the Common Kite has been so given in allusion to the association of this bird with the legend about the slaying of the infant Krishna, one of whose homonyms is Govinda.

In the South Indian folktale of *Light makes Prosperity*, a *garuḍa* or Brāhmaṇī Kite, mistaking the glittering rubies in the Rājā's ring for flesh, pounces upon it, carries it away and ultimately drops it in the house of the heroine Sugunī.¹ Sugunī returned it to the Rājā and obtained from him, by way of reward, the boon that on Friday nights, all the lights in the town should be extinguished, not a lamp being lit even in the palace, and that only her house should be lit up with lamps.

2. *The Parrot*:—In Hindu mythology, Kāmadeva or the Indian God of Love is represented as riding on the marine monster Makara, which may be identified with the shark, or on a parrot. In the *Mahābhārata*, there is a legend to the effect that the great Sage Vedavyāsa fell in love with an Apsara of the name of Ghritāchī, who, in order to save herself from the amorous advances of the Sage, assumed the form of a parrot.

In Bengali as well as in other Indian folktales, the parrot plays an important part. In the Bengali folktale, entitled *Strike but hear*,² it is a *Suka* or parrot which presents the king with a fruit of the Tree of Immortality, which, having accidentally been besmeared with the poison of a snake, killed a crow which ate of it. The king, thinking that the *Suka* had intended to kill him by making him eat the fruit, killed the bird in a fit of rage. Afterwards, the king discovered his mistake and found out that the fruit really conferred immortality on its eater. The same incident is also found in a South Indian folktale, wherein a parrot brings a wonderful mango fruit which confers perpetual youth on the eater thereof. The Rājā having made a present of it to his priest, the latter ate of it, which had been besmeared with the poison of a snake, and was killed. The parrot is killed. It is, subsequently, discovered that the mango really bestowed perpetual youth on the eater thereof.³ The same incident also occurs in the Kashmiri Folktale of *A Lakh of Rupees for a Bit of Advice*. A parrot brings to his master, the Raja, the cuttings of two trees one of which possessed the virtue of making a young man old, and the other of making an old man young. The cuttings were planted and, in due time, flourished

¹ Kingscote and Sāstri's *Folk-lore of Southern India*, p. 206.

² Day's *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 156-158.

³ Kingscote and Sāstri's *Folk-lore of Southern India*, pp. 171-177.

and bore fruit. The Raja gave one of the fruits, which had accidentally been besmeared with the poison of a snake, to a dog which ate it and died immediately. On seeing this, the Raja became very angry, and, thinking that the parrot had been playing tricks with him, ordered it to be killed, which was done. The Rājā subsequently discovered the mistake he had made and grieved much for the favorite parrot that he had so cruelly killed.¹ In the Panjabi folktale of *The Wonderful Ring*, the spendthrift Prince, who is the hero of the story, purchases a cat, a dog and a parrot for a pound each. The parrot brings to his master, the spendthrift Prince, news about his wife the Princess with the Golden Hair, who had been abducted by, and whose charmed ring had been stolen and swallowed up by, a wise woman at the instigation of a rival Rājā, and restores to his master the wonderful ring.² In one version of the legend of Rājā Rasālu, a parrot as also the horse Bhaunr Irāqi are the tried and trusted friends of Rājā Rasālu, with whom the latter goes forth into the world to seek his fortune.³ It also plays the part of a match-maker in folktales, just as in the Bengali folktale entitled *The Story of a Hiraman*,⁴ a parrot brings about the marriage of the king with the lady of peerless beauty who lives beyond the seven oceans and thirteen rivers. The same duties of a match-maker are also performed by a parrot in the Kashmiri folktales of *The Clever Parrot* and *The Prince who was changed into a Ram*.⁵ In these folktales, the parrot is credited with much wisdom and fidelity to its master; and its counsel and help are much sought after on difficult occasions. It often communicates to the deceived husband in folktales, much important information which would otherwise have remained unknown to him. In the Kashmiri folktale of *The Clever Parrot*, it is a parrot which informs the Faqir of any little thing out of the ordinary way which was done by the latter's wife.⁶ It is often represented in folktales as being thoroughly conversant with the four Vedas, just as the falcon in the Squire's Tale of Chaucer is depicted as being a very intelligent bird.⁷ In the Kashmiri folktale of *Gullālā Shāh*, Rājā Hams, who is the King of Birds, takes advice from the parrot on account of the latter's superior knowledge and wisdom.⁸ In Santali folktales also, the parrot is represented as a very wise bird. In these stories, the Rājā's daughter having fallen in love with a man having hair 12 cubits long, the task of finding out the hero

¹ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmiri*, pp. 35-36.

² Steel's *Tales of the Panjab*, pp. 185-94.

³ *Op. cit.*, pp. 239-40.

⁴ Day's *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 214.

⁵ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, pp. 317; 65.

⁶ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, p. 313.

⁷ Tawney's *Katha Sarit Sāgara*, II., 18.

⁸ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, p. 450.

with such long hirsute growths is often set to the parrot. The parrot gets hold of the hero's flute and flies away to the Rājā's palace; while the hero, in the hope of getting back the flute, pursues the parrot to the Rājā's palace, and is, at last, married to the princess.¹

In the West Indian folktale of *Punchkin*, the life of the magician Punchkin depends on the life of a little green parrot, which is contained in a small cage below a pot full of water, above which are piled, one above another, five other pots full of water, these pots being in the centre of a circle of palmtrees standing in the midst of a jungle hundreds of thousands of miles away.²

3. *The Peacock*.—In Bengal, the peacock is considered sacred as being the vehicle of Kārtikeya, the Hindu God of War. In Sanscrit and Bengali poetry, the *keka* sound of the peacock is considered as one of the usual accompaniments of the rainy season, and its call is also believed to prognosticate rain.

There is a tradition current in the tributary state of Morbhanj in Orissa that the ruling family of that state derived its name "Morbhanj" from the fact of its having originally sprung from the egg of a pea-fowl. It is for this reason that the emblem of signature used by a chief of Morbhanj is a pea-fowl, and that the killing of peacocks is strictly forbidden throughout the state of Morbhanj.³

The peacock figures largely in Panjabi folktales. In the folktale of *Bopolūchī*, a peacock warns the pretty maiden Bopolūchī that the man who was taking her to his home was not her uncle, but a robber.⁴ In a folktale from the same part of the country, a jackal and a pea-hen swear friendship. The pea-hen eats plums and buries the stones thereof, explaining that they will grow into trees; whereon the jackal buries the bones of a kid which he has eaten. The pea-hen's stones grow into plum-trees; but the bones of the kid planted by the jackal do not show any sign of germinating; whereon the pea-hen jeers at the jackal who, being angered thereby, gobbles her up.⁵ In the popular folklore of Northern India, various kinds of birds are supposed to guard the palaces of Rajas. In one version of the legend of Rājā Rasālu, five peacocks, eight ospreys and nine water-fowls keep watch and ward over Queen Koklan's palace. Some suppose that these birds are, in reality, men of different tribes.⁶

¹ Campbell's *Santal Folktales*, pp. 16; 114.

² Jacob's *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 34.

³ *The Native States of India and their Princes*. Madras: The Christian Literature Society. 1894. p. 45.

⁴ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, p. 66.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, pp. 195-6.

⁶ Swynnerton's Rājā Rasālu. Edition 1884, pp. 219-220.

4. *The Goose*:—In Hindu mythology, the Goose or *Hamsa* is the *vāhana* or vehicle of the god Brahmā, the creator of the universe. This bird figures often in Indian folktales. In the Kashmiri folktale of *Gullālā Shāh*, Rājā Hamsa or King Goose is mentioned as being the King of the Birds.¹

5. *The Bihangama and Bihangamī*:—In Bengali folktales, a mythical bird called *Bihangama* and its female *Bihangamī* play an important part. These birds are endowed with the power of speaking like human beings and of foretelling future events. In these stories, these two birds often aid the hero and, being able to see into the future, prevent him from falling into dangers. It is the dung of the prophetic bird *Bihangama* which, being applied to the body of Prince Sabur in the Bengali folktale of that name, cures the latter of a fatal illness.² In Kashmiri folktales, two mythical birds called *Sudabror* and *Budabror* figure largely. These birds are also credited with the powers of human speech and of seeing into the future and foretelling future events.³

6. *The Chakor*:—This bird, which is known in Bengali as *Chakor*, is known to naturalists as the *Caccabis chucar*, Gray. This bird is frequently mentioned in Sanscrit and Bengali poetry. It is popularly supposed to live by partaking of the moon's rays. There are numerous passages in Sanscrit and Bengali poetry wherein this curious tradition is referred to. Its eyes are also very beautiful, and the poets often liken the eyes of a beautiful damsel to the eyes of the *Chakor*, by calling her चकोराक्षि.

7. *The Chakā and Chakī*:—This bird *Chakā Chakī* (Sanskrit *Chakravāk*) is famous in the classical literature of India. Its scientific appellation is *Casarca rutila*, Pallas; but it is commonly known to Europeans in India as the Ruddy Sheldrake or Brahminy Duck. In Bengal, it is regarded as a pattern of conjugal fidelity, as is evidenced by numerous allusions to it in Bengali literature.

In the Panjabi folktale of *Princess Pepperina*, the soul of Princess Pepperina, when she dies, was metamorphosed into a sheldrake and its mate—those loving birds which, like the turtle-dove, are always constant; and, floating in a lake, they mourned the sad fate of the Princess. When the Princess' husband, the Rājā, caught the pair of the sheldrake, and, holding them close, heart to heart, severed their heads from their bodies with one blow of his sword, so that neither of them could die before the other, the Princess Pepperina became alive again.⁴ There is a tradition current in Bengal to the effect that a pair of this bird spends the day in each other's com-

¹ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, p. 449-50.

² Day's *Folktales of Bengal*, p. 135.

³ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, pp. 168; 198; 231.

⁴ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, pp. 165-66.

pany, but as soon as nightfall sets in, the birds separate, and each of them spends the night alone sorrowing for separation from its mate. This tradition is based on a very pretty legend, which runs to the effect that two indiscreet lovers were metamorphosed into a pair of Brāhmani ducks, and condemned to pass the night in a state of separation from each other, on the opposite sides of a river. One of the birds asks its mate, all through the night, whether it should join the other; but the other always replies in the negative. In Burma, this bird is regarded as an emblematic bird, and special honour is shewn to it. It is also said to be held sacred in Mongolia.

8. *The Hornbill* :—The Hornbill is called *Dhanes* in Bengali, and is known to naturalists as *Ocyrocus birostris*, Shaw. Its bone is popularly supposed in Bengal to cure rheumatism. I have, on several occasions, seen bits of the bones of this bird being sold by itinerant vendors in the streets of Calcutta.

9. *The White-necked Stork* :—The White-necked Stork (*Dissura episcopus*, Bodd.) is called in Bengali *Manikjor*, which means the companion of a saint. Hence Mahomedans, one of whose saints is the Manik Pir, do not eat this bird.

10. *The Adjutant* :—It is called in Bengali *Hādgilā* or the *devourer of bones*, on account of its being a carrion-feeder. In Bengal, all Hindus consider this bird an unclean one.

11. *The King-Crow* :—The King-Crow (*Dicrurus ater*, Hermann.) is known in Bengali as the *Finga*. It figures largely in the nursery-stories and nursery-rhymes of Bengal, as will be evident from the following specimen of a Bengali nursery-story in which it plays an important part :—

Once upon a time, there lived an old man and his aged wife who had an only child, namely, a married daughter and, among worldly possessions, a country-plum tree (*Zizyphus jujuba*).¹ One day, their daughter, who lived with her husband, sent some *Punti* fish (*Barbus punti*, Day), as

¹ This is the tree known as *kul* in Bengali, and *ber* in Hindi. It is planted for the sake of its sub-acid fruits which are eaten either raw or cooked, or pickled in various ways. It constantly occurs in folktales. It is mentioned no less than five times in a collection of folktales from the Panjab. In the *Rat's Wedding*, the rat sets his bride to cry wild plums in the streets to sell for her food. *Peasie*, in the tale of *Peasie Beansie*, goes to see her father and, on the way, tidies up the plum-tree's thorns, for which act of benefit the tree rewards her with an abundance of ripe yellow plums. In the story of the *Jackal and the Pea-hen*, the pea-hen eats plums and buries the stones, saying that they will grow into trees, whereon the jackal eats a kid and buries its bones. The pea-hen's plum-stones grow up into fine trees, whereas the jackal's bones do not. Thereupon the pea-hen jeers at the jackal; and the jackal, being angered thereby, eats her up. The plum-tree is also mentioned in the tale of the *Jackal and the Crocodile*. There is a plum-tree in the story of *Prince Half-a-son* into which the hero, Prince Half-a-son, can only ascend. (*Vide Steel's Tales from the Panjab*, p. 20; pp. 167, 169-70; 195-6; 230-1; p. 280.)

present to her old parents. Now the old woman being away from the house, her old spouse had the fish cooked and ate the same all himself. In order to conceal the fact of his having eaten all the fish himself, the man went to conceal the fish-bones and scales in the backyard of the kitchen; but the backyard, for inanimate things could speak in those olden times, refused to allow him to conceal them there, saying that it would tell the old woman, on her return home, that her husband had eaten up all the fish without keeping any for her. The old man next went to a pair of millstones (used for pounding pulses and other grains) for concealing the bones and scales thereunder; but the millstones also refused to conceal them, saying that they would inform the old woman, on her return home, all what had happened in her absence. So the old man went to other places and objects; but all of them refused to allow him to conceal the remains of the fish under them. Ultimately, the old man was obliged to conceal the bones and the scales of the fish in the long hair of his head; and had the same tied up into a chignon to conceal them the more effectively. In the meantime, the old woman returned home, but not knowing anything about the present of fish sent by her daughter, did not suspect that her husband had eaten all the fish himself. One day, the old woman, addressing her husband, said: "Hallo, my darling, your hair has become fluffy and dust-begrimed; come here, and I shall rub some oil into it to make it smooth and clean." The old man refused, fearing that, in untying his chignon, the fish-bones and scales would be discovered, and his old lady would come to know of his having eaten up all the fish himself. But the old woman would not take any refusal; and, at last, the old man was obliged to have his hair oiled and dressed by his wife. The old woman, on untying his chignon, found out the fish-bones and scales and, enquiring from her old spouse, came to know all what had happened in her absence. Vowing to avenge herself on her husband for his selfishness, she, one day, told her husband to get on to the thatch of their hut, and pluck a gourd. As soon as the old man had got on to the top of the hut, his old lady removed the ladder; but, as soon as the ladder was removed, the old man, being without any prop, rolled down the sloping thatch, fell on the ground with a heavy thud and died then and there. The old woman, regretting her indiscreet act, wept much at the death of her old spouse. Being alone, she made up her mind to go and live with her daughter; but she was very anxious about finding a person in whose charge she should leave her plum-tree which was, at that time, laden with ripe fruits. This made her weep the more bitterly. A crow, who was passing that way, seeing the old woman weeping and wishing to enquire into the cause of her grief, went to her and asked her: "Hallo! my good woman, why are you weeping?" The old woman replied: "What will it avail me by telling you the cause of my grief?" The crow said: "Pray tell me so as to let me know whether I can be of any service to you." The old woman, thereupon,

replied: "I am weeping, because there is nobody to look after my plum-tree which is now groaning beneath the weight of ripe fruits." The crow replied: "Don't be anxious, my good woman, I shall keep watch and ward over your tree." The old woman rejoined: "Will you please tell me in what way you will look after my tree?" The crow replied: "I shall bawl out the following words and keep off all intruders from your tree:

Kā kā kā
Buḍīr mātā khā khā."
*Caw! Caw!! Caw!!!*¹

Eat the head of the old woman, i.e., may she die.

Thereupon, the old woman got angry with the crow on account of the latter's impertinence in having wished her death, and dismissed him at once. She then began to weep as before.

Thereafter, a kite, who was passing by that way, saw the old woman weeping and, wishing to enquire into the cause of her grief, went up to her and said: "Hallo! my old lady, why are you weeping?" The old woman replied: "What will it avail me by telling you the cause of my grief?" The kite rejoined: "Do be good enough to tell me the cause of your grief so that I may know whether I can be of any service to you." Thereupon the old woman said: "I am weeping because there is nobody to look after my plum-tree which is now groaning beneath the weight of ripe fruits." The kite replied: "Pray don't bother your head about such a trifling matter. I shall look after the plum-tree during your absence." The old woman rejoined: "Will you please tell me the exact words with which you intend to keep away all intruders from off my tree?" The kite replied: "Why, I shall bawl out the following words, and drive away all intruders:

Chil Chil Chil
Buḍīr mātāya dhil dhil"
*Chil! Chil!! Chil!!!*²

May brickbats fall on the head of the old woman.

Thereupon the old woman got angry with the kite on account of his insulting behaviour in having wished that brickbats might fall on her head, and sent him away at once. She again commenced weeping as before.

Thereafter, a king-crow (*Fingā* in Bengali), who was passing by that way, saw the old woman weeping and, being anxious to enquire about the reason of her weeping, went up to her and said: "Hallo, my good woman, why are you weeping?" The old woman replied: "What will it avail me by telling you the cause of my grief?" The king-crow said: "Pray tell me the reason of your weeping just to let me know whether I can be of

¹ The words "Caw, Caw, Caw" signify the cry of the crow.

² The words "Chil, Chil, Chil" are onomatopoeic, and denote the call-note of the kite.

any service to you." Thereupon, the old woman replied: "I am weeping because there is nobody to look after my plum-tree which is now groaning beneath the weight of ripe fruits." The king-crow replied: "Pray don't be anxious about such a trifling matter. I am at your service and shall keep watch and ward over your tree during your absence." The old woman rejoined: "Will you please tell me the exact words with which you propose to keep away all intruders from off the tree?" The king-crow replied: "Why, I shall bawl out the following words, and drive away all interlopers from off the tree:

Fing fingeṭi bābui hāti

Je budīr kul khāya

Tār nākchul kāti"

*Fing fingeṭi bābui hāti.*¹

I shall cut off the nose and hair

Of whomsoever will eat the old woman's plums.

Thereupon, the old woman was highly pleased with the king-crow's devotion to her service and, placing the latter in charge of the tree, left her own home and went to live with her daughter. The king-crow also began to keep watch and ward over the plum-tree.

One day, a Rājā, happening to pass by the old woman's place, was tempted by the ripe plums on the old woman's tree. He sent a servant to pluck some of the fruits for himself. As soon as the servant arrived near the tree, the king-crow bawled out:

"Fing fingeṭi bābui hāti

Je budīr kul khāya

Tār nākchul kāti."

Fing fingeṭi bābui hāti.

I shall cut off the nose and hair

Of whomsoever will eat the old woman's plums.

Being thus deterred from plucking the fruits, the servant went back to the Rājā and reported what the king-crow had said and done. Waxing wroth with the king-crow's insolent behaviour, the Rājā ordered a fowler to go to the old woman's place and catch the impertinent bird. Accordingly, the fowler went to the old woman's place and, entrapping the king-crow, took him to the palace and placed him before the Rājā. The Rājā ordered his Rānī or queen to kill the insolent bird and cook him for his dinner. So the bird was placed alive in a receptacle with a lid, with a view that, before dinner-time, it would be killed and cooked for dinner. In the meantime,

¹ I am unable to explain the meaning of the words "*Fing fingeṭi bābui hāti.*" The word *fingeṭi* in this expression means "the king-crow," and the word *bābui* therein signifies the Indian weaver-bird, which constructs hanging bottle-shaped nests on trees. The other words of the expression are, perhaps, meaningless.

while the Rānī was alone and looking after the bird, it began to say :

“*Rānī, dhākan kholo*

Nāchan dyūkho.”

O queen ! take off the lid of the receptacle,

And see me dance.

Being struck with curiosity at the bird's importunate request, the Rānī took off the lid of the receptacle to see whether the bird was really dancing or not. As soon as the lid was taken off, away flew the king-crow ; and the Rānī was very much frightened at the bird's escape, as she would be unable to serve it up for the Rājā's dinner. At last, being afraid lest the Rājā would get angry with her for having allowed the bird to escape, she hit upon the device of cooking a frog, and serving it up, in lieu of the bird, for the Rājā's dinner, thinking that the Rājā would not be able to distinguish between the flesh of a bird and a frog. She, accordingly, cooked a frog and served it up before the Rājā for his dinner. While the Rājā was partaking of it, the king-crow, which was perched on the branch of a tree right in front of the Rājā's dining-room, began to cry out :

“*Ami beḍāi ḍāle ḍāle*

Rājā khāy byānger jhol.”

I am perched on the branch of a tree ;

While the Rājā is partaking of frog-curry.

Finding that the insolent king-crow had escaped, and that a frog had been cooked and served up for his dinner in lieu of the bird, the Rājā grew very angry and, at once, despatched a fowler to capture the bird again. The fowler, accordingly, went and brought back the bird in a cage. The wing-feathers of the bird were then cut off to prevent it from escaping. This time the king-crow was placed in that room of the palace, which was set apart for the family-idol, in order that it may not escape again. The crafty bird managed to ensconce itself beneath the bedding of the family-idol and began to cry out : “*Chul, Chul,*” that is to say, “I want offerings of hair.” Thereupon, the foolish Rājā thought that the family-idol was demanding from him offerings of hair, not being able to make out that it was the bird which was crying out for the same. In order to comply with the family god's wishes, the Rājā, the Rānī, and the prince had the hair of their heads shaved off at once, and placed the same as offering before the idol. Being thus avenged on the Rājā for the loss of its wing-feathers, the king-crow began to bawl out :

“*Ek nyāḍā ke dekhe sab tomrā bada hāmsa.*

Ekhan ek gharete tin nyāḍā kemaṅ bhāla bāsa.”

You all laughed outright when you saw me being deprived of my wing-feathers.

Now that you all three in one family (namely, the Rājā, the Rānī,

and the prince) have got clean-shaven pates, how would you like to laugh at yourselves?

Being enraged at the king-crow's insulting words, the Rājā ordered the insolent bird to be killed, which was accordingly done. Thus the story endeth.

12. *The Hawk* :—The hawk figures in Bengali folktales. In the Bengali folktale of *The Man who wished to be perfect*,¹ when the princes went with the mendicant to the forest, they took with them young hawks, which they had to give to the *Rākshasi* when they lost the game they played with the latter. In Kashmiri folktales, whenever a Rājā dies, an elephant and a hawk are sent round the whole countryside to select a successor to the vacant throne. In the course of their peregrinations to find out a successor, whenever the elephant and the hawk come across the person who is to be selected for the high office, the elephant bows down before him, and the hawk perchs on his right hand, and thus proclaims him Rājā in the presence of all the people.² The people also believed that before whomsoever the elephant bowed down and on whosoever's hand the hawk perched, he was the divinely-chosen Rājā destined to succeed to the vacant throne.

The hawk also plays an important part in Panjabi folktales. When the vampire, in the Panjabi folktale of *Sir Buzz*, changed into a dove, Sir Buzz assumed the form of a hawk and pursued the dove-shaped vampire so closely that the latter changed his form into a rose and dropped into King Indra's lap, as he sat in his celestial court listening to the singing of dancing girls.³ When the Jinn, in the folktale of *Princess Pepperina*⁴ from the same part of the country, is desirous of seeing his foster-child, the Princess Pepperina, he assumed the form of a hawk and sped after her, circling far above her head, and found her happy in the company of her husband.

13.—*The Dove* :—The dove also figures in Indian folktales, its form being often assumed by giants and ogres to escape detection. In the Panjabi folktale of *Sir Buzz*, the vampire changed to a dove to escape capture by the mannikin Sir Buzz. But Sir Buzz, assuming the form of a hawk, pressed the dove-shaped vampire so hard that the latter ultimately changed into a rose.⁵ A Jinn, in another folktale from the same part of the country, assumes the form of a dove, when desirous of seeing his absent foster-child, Princess Pepperina, flies after her and flutters above her head.⁶

¹ Day's *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 189; 191.

² Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, pp. 17, 159.

³ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, p. 11.

⁵ Steel's *Folktales from the Panjab*, p. 11.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 631.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 163.

14. *The Pigeon*:—Fairies often assume the shape of pigeons in Indian folktales. In the Panjabi folktale of *The Faithful Prince*, the Fairy Princess Shâhpasand often assumes the shape of a pigeon, while taking the air. While living with Prince Bahrâmgor in the huntsman's garret, she was one day seen by the Chief Constable of the town, who, struck with her exquisite beauty, sends some soldiers to the huntsman's lodge to make enquiries after her. Fearing detection, Princess Shâhpasand took the form of a pigeon and flew away to her father's house in the Emerald Mountain. Much curative virtue is ascribed to pigeon's droppings in Indian fairy-tales. In a fairy tale from the Panjab, the king's daughter is possessed by a demon and is, in consequence thereof, taken severely ill. Her illness baffles the attempts of every physician all round the country, to cure her. Ultimately, the hero of the story, Prince Half-a-son, administers a dose of the pigeon's droppings to the ailing princess and cures her who is, thereafter, married to him.¹ In the Kashmiri folktale of *The Ogress-queen*, the life of ogress-queen's father is contained in a pigeon. The hero of the story, who is the son of seven mothers, kills the old *Rākshasa* by slaying the pigeon.²

15. *The Bulbul*:—Heroines of folktales are often hatched out of bird's eggs. A bulbul, in the Panjabi folktale of the *Princess Pepeeina*, desires to eat a green pepper and tells her mate to procure it for her. Her mate goes to search for it and, ultimately, finds it in a Jinn's deserted palace, where they eat it. Thereafter, the female bulbul lays an egg beside the green pepper which the Jinn finds and puts it away, wrapped up in cotton-wool. Out of this egg is born the loveliest maiden, afterwards known as Princess Pepperina.³ In the Bengali folktale of *Swet-Basanta*, the heroine of the story is born of the egg of a small bird called *Toontooni*, which is found by the merchant's son, while walking in his garden, and put by him in a niche in the wall of his house. The egg, one day, burst; and out of it came forth a beautiful girl whom the merchant, ultimately, married.⁴

16. *The Cuckoo*:—The Cuckoo is a well-known bird in Indian folklore. It figures largely in Sanskrit and Bengali poetry, as the harbinger of spring. Its notes are supposed by the poets to awaken feelings of love in the hearts of lovers separated from their sweethearts, and make them yearn for the company of their absent mates. It is, sometimes, found to figure in folktales. In the Panjabi folktale of *The Death and Burial of Poor Hen-Sparrow*, a Cuckoo mourns the death of the hen-sparrow by plucking out one of his own eyes.⁵

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 281-83.

² Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, p. 49.

³ *Op. cit.*; pp. 160-1.

⁴ Day's *Folktales of Bengal*, pp. 93-6.

⁵ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, p. 152.

17. *The Eagle* :—Ogres, in folktales, are supposed to assume the form of an eagle. The Jinn, in the folktale of the *Princess Pepperina*, takes the form of an Eagle, and flying after his foster-child, Princess Pepperina, finds her entering the King's palace.¹ The Eagle is cheated by the Lambikin in another tale from the same part of the country.²

18. *The Crow* :—The crow warns heroines in folktales of impending danger. In the folktale of *Bopoluchi*, it warns the heroine Bopoluchi that her alleged uncle was no other than a robber.³ In another tale, a crow is overreached by a sparrow.⁴ In another tale, a crow swoops off with a grain of corn while a farmer's wife is winnowing the same. In order to drive off the crow, she throws a stone at him and knocks him down, but agrees to let him off should he recover the grain. The grain of corn having fallen into a crevice in the trunk of a tree, the crow goes to a woodman and tries to persuade him to cut the tree down, but he refuses. Thereafter, he successively goes to the king, queen, snake, stick, fire, water, ox, rope, mouse, and lastly, a cat. The cat went at once after the mouse; so all the individuals from whom the crow had asked for assistance, began to do their duties, till the crow got back the lost grain of corn and, thereby, saved his own life.⁵

19. *The Partridge* :—The Partridge is the friend of the jackal in a folktale from the Panjab. The jackal gets the partridge to perform various tasks, as test of her friendship for him. The partridge performs all the tasks successfully, ultimately saving the jackal's life by preventing a crocodile to drown him.⁶

20. *The Quail* :—The Quail figures in the Santali folktale of *Sindura Gand Garur*, wherein the hero, being informed that his father had been killed by the bird Gand Garur, goes to the forest and, meeting the quail among other birds there, sings to it :

“ Oh! quail, you need not fear to drink,
I'll not harm you, I you assure ;
But I will slay on this lake's brink,
Cruel Sindura Gand Garur.⁷

21. *The Vulture* :—In the folktale of the *Lambikin*, Lambikin meets a Vulture who wants to eat him up, but escapes by saying that he is not yet fat enough for eating and that he is going to his granny to be fattened, when he will be welcome to eat him up. On his return after being fattened in his granny's place, he trundles along in a drumikin made of his brother's skin, and escapes detection by the vulture.⁸

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 163.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 63.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 66.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 102-6.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, pp. 198-202.

⁶ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, pp. 173-77.

⁷ Campbell's *Santal Folktales*, p. 91.

⁸ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, p. 62.

22. *The Nilkanṭha* :—I have already given, in the previous part of this paper, a full note on the folklore about this bird. I want to record an additional item of folklore about it, in the present paper. Just as I am writing this paper, the wife of a fowler in the service of the Hathwa Raj has brought me a fine specimen of the Nilkanṭha or Blue Jay, tied to a string and concealed in the folds of her *sari*, so that I may have a look at it, and lay up a store of merit thereby, as to-day (the 24th October, 1898) is the Dusserah day. The fowler's wife (*mishkārīn*) tells me to stand with my face turned towards the north, saying that the late Maharaja of Hathwa used to do the same thing, and to have a look at the Blue Jay in this position. I have, accordingly, stood with my face turned towards the north, and caught a glimpse of this sacred and auspicious bird and have, thereby, laid up a store of merit which, I hope, will last me throughout the year. The fowler's wife is taking the bird from house to house so that the inmates there-of may have a look on this auspicious bird on this auspicious Dusserah day.

23. *The Mainā* :—The *Mainā* is known to naturalists as *Eulabes intermedia*, Hay. It figures largely in Indian folktales. It explains to the hero, in Indian folktales, the heroine's misfortunes.¹ Sometimes, the life of an ogre is contained in a *mainā* in its nest which is on a tree across the seas. When the *mainā* is killed in such a way that not a drop of its blood is spilt, the ogre, whose life-index the bird is, dies.² Sometimes, the lives of jinns and ogres are contained in starlings which appear to be the same birds as mainas. In the Panjabi folktale of *Prince Lionheart and his three friends*, the soul of the Jinn is contained in a bumble bee which is inside the crop of a starling which sits singing in a golden cage on the top-most branch of a solitary tree far far away, which is guarded by a dog and a horse. Prince Lionheart finds out the solitary tree, appeases the horse and the dog by giving them some food, and, seizing the starling, cuts open its crop, seizes and kills the bumble bee whereupon the Jinn dies.³ In the Kashmiri folktale of *The Ogress-queen*, the soul of the ogress-queen is contained in a starling. The hero of the story, who is the son of seven mothers, secures the starling in a cage, takes it home to the Raja and, in order to prove that the latter's favourite wife is an ogress whose life is in the starling, slays the starling whereupon the wicked ogress-queen also dies.⁴

In Indian folktales, the incident of a person becoming a king by eating a particular kind of bird, and of another person becoming a prime minister by eating another kind of bird, often occurs. In the Panjabi tale of *The two Brothers*, a dispute takes place between a starling and a parrot as to

¹ Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 149 ff.

² *Indian Antiquary*, Vol. I., p. 171.

³ Steel's *Tales of the Panjab*, pp. 52-3.

⁴ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, pp. 49-50.

which of them is the most important. The starling says that he is so important a bird that if any man will eat him, he will without doubt, become a prime minister. The parrot says that if any man will eat him, he will, without doubt, become a king. This conversation having been overheard by the two brothers, the heroes of the story, the elder of them killed and ate the parrot and became a king. The younger brother ate the starling and, marrying the daughter of the prime minister of a king, himself became the prime minister.¹ The same incident also occurs in the Kashmiri variant of *The two Brothers*. In this variant, the mystic bird Sudabror expounds to its mate Budabror the virtues of two singing birds and says that whosoever will eat the flesh of one of the latter will become a king, and whosoever will eat the flesh of the other will become a wazir and the wealthiest man in the world, for every morning he will find underneath him, in the place where he lay overnight, seven jewels whereof the value cannot be estimated. Hearing this conversation between the Sudabror and the Budabror, the younger prince kills the birds and cooks the same which are partaken of by the two brothers. The elder brother becomes the Raja, and the younger the Wazir.² Sometimes, the starling or mainā performs the duties of a matchmaker in Indian folktales. In the Kashmiri folktale of *The Prince who was changed into a Ram*, the mainā is deputed by the Raja of a country, who had sixteen hundred wives, to try to arrange for a suitable match for the only daughter of his royal master, by finding out a beautiful prince who is the only child of a great king also possessed of sixteen hundred wives.³

24. *The Cock*:—The lives of ogres are often contained in Cocks. In the Kashmiri folktale of *The Ogress-queen*, the lives of the ogress-queen's seven brothers are contained in seven cocks. The hero of the story, who is the son of seven mothers, kills the seven ogress by killing the seven cocks.⁴

25. *The Pond-Heron and the Cattle Egret*:—Both the Pond-Heron (*Ardeola grayi*, Sykes) and the Cattle Egret (*Bubulcus coromandus*, Bodd.) are called in Bengali *Bak*. It is popularly believed among Bengali women and children that the white spots, sometimes, found on the fingernails of the hands are caused by the *Bak*. Hence, whenever Bengali children find a *Bak* flying past, they cry out: "*Bagā māmā, Bagā māmā, tī diye jāo.*"

TRANSLATION.

"Uncle heron, uncle heron, come and cause white spots to be made on our fingers."

¹ Steel's *Tales of the Panjab*, pp. 130-42.

³ *Op. cit.*, pp. 65-66.

² Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, pp. 168-73, ⁴ Knowles's *Folktales of Kashmir*, p. 49.

In Hindi, both the aforesaid species of herons are called *Baglā* or *Bakulā*. Behari children often take a stick with a crooked end and, holding the crooked end upwards so as to make it resemble the long beak of a heron, moves it backwards and forwards and cry out: *Bakuli, toim, toim, toim.*"

26. *The Swan* :—Swans are popularly believed in India to feed upon fresh unpierced pearls, and will not eat anything else. In vernacular, this bird is, sometimes, called *Hans* which is supposed to be a large white fabulous bird which lives on the shores of lakes and seas. Its beak is thick, and so hooked that it is able to pick up only pearls, one at a time. Some identify the *Hans* with the Flamingo. While on a visit to the Calcutta Zoo sometime ago, I heard some Marwari visitors calling the Crowned Cranes, living in the paddocks just to the west of the Gubboy House, *Hans*. In the Panjabi folktale of *The king who was fried*, King Bikramājīit feeds the Swans which came from the Mānsarobar Lake to the city of Ujjayin, with baskets of pearls every day.¹

¹ Steel's *Tales from the Panjab*, p. 267. Swynnerton's *Rājā Rasālu*. Calcutta: Newman & Co., 1884, p. 217.

III.—*The Story of Hazuri.*—By DAYARAM GIDUMAL, Judge, Shikarpur, Sindh. Communicated by the Anthropological Secretary.

[Received 15th November, 1898; Read January 4th, 1899.]

INTRODUCTION.

Sometime ago a Mahomedan prisoner Hazuri was tried by me on a charge of attempting to murder a Darwish. The facts set forth by the Committing Magistrate were so curious that I considered it my duty to examine the accused at great length, in order to ascertain if he was sane or insane. He spoke in Hindustani; and the questions and answers are all on record in that language. The following narrative is compiled from my *verbatim* translation of that statement. The narrative deserves attention for several reasons. In the first place, it shows that Lall Shahbaz, a deified saint of Sindh, has his esoteric disciples up to date, who though Mahomedans, believe in transmigration, and revere Ali as Allah himself. In the second place, it shows that the followers of this cult have a freemasonry of their own, and are distinguished by absolute and implicit obedience to their teachers—obedience far more absolute and implicit than that which the Jesuitical order ever exacted from their acolytes. In the third place, it shows that these men not only believe in the resurrection of the dead, but claim to revive the dead by their own spiritual power. Lastly, the case is very interesting from the medico-juridical point of view.

So far as I know neither Professor Lombroso in his book, "The Man of Genius," nor Mr. Nisbet in his work on "The Insanity of Genius," has quoted any case like the present. Chevers in his "Medical Jurisprudence in India" quotes the French poet M. Baudelaire's experiences as a *haschish-eater*, and the 'theatre of seraphim' which Hazuri also mentions, is one of them. Moreu of Tours, who experimented on himself, tells us: "The *haschish-eater* is happy, not like the gourmand, the famished man, or the voluptuary, who has satisfied his appetite, but like him who hears tidings of great joy, the miser counting his money, the gambler successful in play, or the ambitious man whose hopes are realized." But no *haschish-eater* ever claimed the power of reviving the dead, so far as I am aware, and Hazuri's case is, therefore unique.

It ceases, however, to be unique if we look upon Hazuri not merely as a *haschish-eater*, but as a disciple of the Mahomedan School proudly called *Jalali*, as distinguished from the *Kádri*. The *Jalalis* say that Mahomed—the Prophet of God—imparted his esoteric doctrines to his son-in-law Ali only—and that Ali imparted them to Hussen only (and not Hassan).

Hussen's spiritual disciples are as follows :—

Imam Hussen (called *Jalūlulain*)
 |
 Imam Zainulābidin
 |
 Imam Muhammad Bākar
 |
 Imam Muhammed Jāffar Sādik
 |
 Imam Kāzim
 |
 Imam Ali Musa Razā
 |
 Sayad Muhammad Taki
 |
 Sayad Baba Jamal Mujrid (of Kolhapur)
 |
 Sayad Usman Ali Marwandi Husseni (*alias* Lall Shahbaz).

I have taken this genealogy from a rare manuscript, a copy of which was kindly given to me by a disciple of Lall Shahbaz, who believes himself *en rapport* with him.

Sayad Usman Ali is called Marwandi as he was born at Marwand in the district of Tabriz. He is called Husseni, as he was a Sayad and a descendant of Hussen. He is called Kalandar Badshah, as he is considered the greatest of those who renounced the world and devoted themselves to the Higher Path. He is called Lall (or Ruby-red), as he is said to have been called upon by his spiritual father at Kolhapur to plunge into a gigantic cauldron of red-hot oil, from which he issued forth roseate and with the bloom of heaven. He is called Shahbaz or a royal falcon, because it is said he assumed that form in order to save his friend Bahawal Hak from the gallows. In the manuscript life already referred to, it is also stated that Muhammad, during his celestial journey, saw him flying in the 7th heaven, and was told by Gabriel that he would be incarnated on earth as one of his (the Prophet's) descendants. I have with me three manuscripts full of his miracles, and the fact that so many traditions have gathered round his name, would go to show that he must have been an extraordinary man.

He is also still revered. In the official Sindh *Gazetteer*, for example, we find the following account of his shrine which is situated in the town of Sehwan in the Karachi District :—

“ There is another object of attraction in this town, though by no means of such ancient date as the old fort. This is the tomb or shrine of a much revered saint, known among the Mussulman population as Lall Shahbāz, but by the Hindus as Raja Bhartri. The tomb which contains the remains of this saint is inclosed in a quadrangular edifice covered with

a dome and a lantern, said to have been built by a former governor, Malik Ikhtiar-uddin about A. D. 1356, and having beautiful encaustic tiles bearing numerous inscriptions in the Arabic character. Mirza Jani of the Turkhan dynasty built a still larger tomb to this saint, to which additions were made by his son Mirza Ghāzi. The whole was not, however, completed till A. D. 1639 by Nawab Dindar Khan, who paved the courtyard with glazed tiles, and otherwise added to the place. The gate as also the balustrade round the tomb are said to have been of hammered silver, the gift, it is believed, of Mir Karam Ali Khan Talpur who placed, besides, silver spires on the top of the domes..... Great numbers of pilgrims, both Mussulmans and Hindus flock to this spot, not only from all parts of Sindh but from neighbouring countries as well, and it is believed that a considerable revenue is obtained from them."

This short account shows the esteem in which the saint was held by the Mussulman rulers of Sindh, and by the people generally. The *Jalali* Fakirs in Sindh do not deny that Lall Shahbāz was Bhartri Hari, and some of them go even so far as to say that Ali is merely an incarnation of *Rama*. They have an all-embracing catholicity and count the great Sufis—Mansur and Shams Tabriz—among their elect. They have, however, no great respect for the *Kadris*—followers of Abdulkādr Gilani, a descendant of Hassan who, according to them, represents the exoteric School or the School of *Law* as distinguished from the School of *Love*.

Lall Shahbaz is said to have been a friend and contemporary of Bahawal Hak whose mausoleum at Multan is as imposing as the Kalandar's at Sehwan. Bahaud-din Zikriya (for that was his full name) was a Kureshi, and in Griffin's "Panjab Chiefs" (pages 490-94) there will be found a pretty full life of this saint. Bahawal Hak was born on the 28th of Ramzan A. H. 566 (A. D. 1149), and he is said to have been a centenarian. We may take it also that Lall Shahbaz flourished in the 12th century, for the words *bākhuda* (with God) in the quatrain recording his death, yield, according to the *Abjad* calculation, the year 608 A. H. as the year of his union with God.

I notice that one of the miracles commonly ascribed to him—the miracle of raising a foundering ship from the sea—is, by Lall Shahbaz's disciples, said to have been performed by their patron saint when he was on his travels with Bahawal Hak and two other adepts. This throws some light on the transference of miraculous stories, just as another miracle ascribed to Lall Shahbāz at Sehwan and connected with Bodlo Bahār reminds one of the story of Shukr Acharya and *Kacha* told in the "Adi Parva" of the Mahabhārata.

Many of the miracles can be thus explained away, but the great fame of the saint and the fact that he is worshipped by both Hindus and Mussul-

mans are an eloquent testimony to his greatness. A fair is held at his shrine which attracts thousands, and a ceremony is performed which show the belief of the masses that he was an ardent lover of God. The ceremony is called in Sindhi *Mendi lāin* (or application of henna). Only three families at Sehwan have the privilege of 'applying henna'—that is of putting it near the flagstaff, and of sprinkling attar, ambergris and other scents on the turban at the head of the tomb. Of these three families two are Hindus. The Sayads have the privilege of 'applying henna' on the first day of the fair, that is, the 18th of Shaiban, the Hindu Mirani family on the second day, and the Hindu Kanuga family on the third. The ceremony symbolises the marriage (*wasl*) of the saint's soul to God, as Mahommedan brides and bridegrooms usually dye their hands and feet with henna on the marriage day.

Every one of the said families takes a new covering for the tomb with the henna. But the coverings presented by the Sayads and the Miranis go to the Toshakhana (or Stores), while the Kanugas have the right of having the old covering and the turban at the head removed, and their new covering put on in their presence.

The henna is carried by the head of each of the said families barefooted with bands of Fakirs, of dancing girls, and of musicians. The procession is like a marriage procession, and the person carrying the platter containing henna and scents, generally walks with the musicians who bring up the rear of the Fakirs and the dancing girls. On the 21st of Shaiban (the day of *wasl* or union) there is the usual Mubarikbadi (congratulations) as at a marriage.

The shrine is illuminated during the fair days and the necessary oil is supplied by the said families. The Sayads send only a seer (2 lbs.) or so on their day, but the Miranis and the Kaunga families send each 10 seers. These Hindu families light the lamps themselves.

Numerous crackers and rockets are discharged when the ceremony goes on, and in the two outer courtyards dancing and singing and music (Dhamals) are kept up on all the three days. But the morning hours are specially set apart for them, and on the 18th of Shaiban the Dhamal lasts during those hours for a watch and a quarter, *i.e.* for 3 hours and 45 minutes, on the 19th it lasts for a watch and three quarters, and on the 20th it lasts for two watches and a quarter. The Fakirs shout "Jhule Lall Mast Kalandar Jiwe Lall Mast Kalandar (Hail to the God—intoxicated Kalandar—may the God-intoxicated Kalandar live for ever) often drown the music.

The head of the tomb is to the north, and is surmounted by a gorgeous turban. Towards the west, on a shelf, are seen a Shaligram and another stone which is said to be a symbol of the Narsingha Avatar. The Mussulman custodians of the shrine call the two stones *Makhanmani* (butter and

bread) but the Hindus say they were found in the Lall's wallet on his death and they strenuously maintain that he was no other than Bhartri Hari himself in a fresh incarnation. On every new moon, they visit the shrine just as the Mahommedans visit it on every Friday night (*i.e.* according to us, Thursday night), and curious stories are afloat as to how a Mussulman, who stole the two stones, was directed by the Lall to turn back when he reached the mound of red sand south of Sehwan and to replace the symbols. It is very likely that an attempt was made to steal them, for they have been now rivetted fast in a bed of molten lead on the shelf. There is also a story of Gusai Harnamgir (a successor of Anandgir who belonged to the Giri followers of Shankaracharya) visiting the shrine every day with a Kamandalu full of liquid Bhang. The Kamandalu of Hindu Sannyasis resembles the *Kishti* which the great Kalandar is said to have borne himself in his travels, and Bhang—it is well-known—is sacred to Shiva—the favourite god of Bhartri. The Gusai visited the shrine as Bhartri's, and the Mussulmans appear to have felt rather scandalised by the offering of Bhang. The Gusai used merely to lift up the Kamandalu as an offering—stand rapt in meditation for a time, and then take it away. But one day, it is said, the Mussulmans didn't allow him to enter the shrine. Whereupon, standing in the courtyard he let loose his long matted hair which turned at once into snakes to the great alarm of the Mussulmans, and this miracle secured him access to the shrine at once and for ever. Gusai Harnamgir died only a few years ago.

Sehwan is said to be the seat of a lakh and a quarter of saints (Pirs). It is certainly full of graveyards and old mausoleums, and boasts of a fort ascribed by the Sindhis to Jayadratha, and by some English savants to Alexander the Great. It is said that when Lall Shahbaz arrived at this ancient town, he put up in the open near the site of the present shrine, whereon, in those days, stood the houses of several harlots. The presence of the saint had the effect of depriving these fallen creatures of their livelihood, for, it is said whoever went to them became for the time being a woman. It is also said that Pir Chuto, the regnant saint of those days at Sehwan, sent to the Kalandar a cup brimful of milk as a sign that Sehwan was as brimful of Pirs as that cup of milk, and there was no room for him. The Kalandar merely took out a rose from his wallet and put it on the milk, and sent the cup back with his compliments. He meant that just as a rose could float on the brimming milk, he also could crown the apex of the citadel of saintdom at Sehwan.

Chuto Pir, according to the legend current in Sindh, was so powerful that criminals stood self-confest before him, for they had only to take a little water from his pitcher, and if they were really guilty a fish would instantly leap out from their abdomen. It is also asserted that Pir Chuto

burnt no oil in his lamps but only water. The Kalandar, however, told the Pir that miracles were spiritually an obstruction, and the Pir, thereafter, reverted to the ways of ordinary human life. His shrine is supplied with oil from the Kalandar's, according, it is said, to a promise given by the latter.

If the Kalandar really deprecated miracles, it is difficult to understand why he himself performed them so often. For example, it is popularly believed that he saved the life of Bahawal Hak by a miracle. The two friends with Shekh Farid and Shekh Jalal two other saints—while returning from Mecca encamped once, it is said, outside a town, and Bahawal Hak who it is said was as beautiful as Joseph (*brif.*), went into it in order to bring some food. He took wheat flour to a house, and asked the lady of the house to do the baking for him. The lady was very handsome, and behaved like Potiphar's wife. But Bahawal Hak on refusing her overtures was not merely falsely charged with violence, but sentenced to be hanged. When, however, he was taken to the gibbet, Shekh Farid assumed the form of a deer with golden horns, and Shekh Jalal the form of a lion, in order to distract the attention of the crowd, while the Kalandar converted himself into an eagle, and pouncing upon the gibbet wrested Bahawal Hak from the hands of the astonished hangman, and soared aloft with his friend. Besides this miracle there are a host of others, *e.g.*, the conversion of pebbles into rubies for the benefit of a poor woodsman, and the conversion of the Kalandar's *Kishti* into a boat for ferrying over his friends to the mansion of a great spiritual teacher.

Passing from the saint's miracles to his poetry, we can't but admit that this latter has a highly spiritual flavour. At times, the poet rises even to ecstatic heights, and sounds a much higher note than even Hafiz or Shams Tabriz. The references to wine and wine-sellers are very few, and their meaning is quite transparent. In the third Skanda of the Bhāgavata, Kapila tells Devahuti that just as a drunken person forgets if he has clothes on or not, so a God-intoxicated man forgets if he has a body or not. The wine of the Sufis means nothing more than this intoxication. But unfortunately there are some among them who, losing patience, actually resort to wine or intoxicating drugs in order to produce spiritual intoxication, and like Hazuri they come to a sad pass.

For such men our poet has many warnings. He tells them, in no uncertain voice and with great earnestness, that the path to spirituality is an uphill path, and that the goal can't be attained without absolute selfishness and absolute realization of the Soul of the Universe. Those who attain it, may read the Koran or put on the sacred thread, go to mosques or attend *mandirs*, but they remain selfless (*bikhud*) and intoxicated with the wine of unity (*wahdat*). They dive deep for pearls into the ocean of Being, and a single pearl brought up by them is worth more

than all the seven kingdoms (*Haft Iklim*) under the sun: They can transport themselves to the times of Ibrahim or Ismail or Moses or Usif or to the age of Alexander or walk with the angel of the water of life—Khizr—or with Gabriel in heaven. To them the secret of God stands revealed, and they themselves are the secret of God (*Sirr Allah*). To them he is ever Hazir and Nazir—ever present and ever seeing—for their self is absent, and the blinding veil of egotism is no longer on their eyes. Their heart is His house though He is *murgh la makan* the heavenly bird without a house. To those who love Him, speech is as autumnal winds while silence is as spring. Their souls, like moths, sacrifice themselves to Light, and like Bulbuls ever sing sweetly to the Divine Rose springing in the heart of selflessness. They know their Prison and their Liberator, and they know that Suffering leads to Bliss. They remember their Heavenly Friend every minute of their lives, and see none but Him in all they see. Like the musk-deer they have the heavenly fragrance in them, but unlike him they smell it also. They draw rose-water from the petals of their own blossoms, and gems from the depths of their own silence. Therefore says the poet-saint:—

بقا اندر بقا مي باشي هر دم فنا اندر فنا مي باشي هر دم

(Be every moment dead unto the things of death, and abide every moment in the Ever-abiding.)

In the Vairag Shatakam of Bhartri Hari it will be admitted there is much which resembles these ideas. Like the great Kalandar, Bhartri cares not for the world. The earth is his bed, his arms are his pillows, the atmosphere is his clothes, the air is his fan, the moon is his lamp, and Wiraktata (non-attachment) is his wife. To the knower and lover of Brahma, the three worlds are like a fish to the ocean. The birds of the air sit in his lap and drink the tears of his separation. He calls upon his mother Earth, his father Wayu (or the Winds), his friend Light, his kinsman Water, and his brother Ether to take him to his Lord and theirs. He sees no difference between Vishnu and Shiva though for his meditation he may prefer one form to the other (Bhartri himself preferred Shiva's). He realizes that the substratum of his Being is All in All, and the fetters of the world then fall off and he is free.

The Hindus, therefore, are not far wrong in worshipping the Kalandar as Bhartri Hari, for he represents clearly the same School of thought. I may add that there is a manuscript Persian book called *Diwan Rajā* which is ascribed to Lall Shahbaz, and it may be that this has also helped to strengthen the popular belief that the Kalandar was an incarnation of Raja Bhartri Hari.

I trust this introduction will explain the great attraction which what

the Hindus call *Sannyas* and what the Mahomedans call *Fakiri* possesses for ardent minds, and throw some light on the following authentic story.

THE STRANGE STORY OF HAZURIWAHAD-SIDHU

(as narrated to a Court of Session.)

Hazuri at the Mud Gorge.

I was born at Mogaghel in the Ferozpur Taluka of the Ferozpur District in the Panjaub. My father was of the Mochi tribe. He earned his bread by shoe-making and sometimes by cultivating land. I am now thirty-five. I left my home about 18 years ago to find some employment. I came to the Nari Mud Gorge and worked there on daily wages. But I fell seriously ill—and my father came all the way to the Gorge to fetch me back to Mogaghel. My mother Kauri—who is still alive—nursed me back into health. But my father died shortly after my recovery, and the pangs of hunger drove me once more to the Mud Gorge where I was sure of employment.

HAZURI IN THE MACH HILLS.

From the Gorge I went to the Mach Hills. They are 80 miles from Rindli, and are near the Bolan Pass. I quarried in the rocks at Mach for about twelve years—and what do I quarry in now? I am now a Fakir. You ask me why I became a Fakir? It is a long story, a very long one.

HAZURI LEARNS A KALĀM OR A MYSTIC UTTERANCE IN THE MACH HILLS.

I came across a holy man Nathu Shah by name. He taught me to repeat the following Kalām :—

اذا الهادي انا الحق
 مبيد الهادي الله هو
 يا محمد يا رسول
 يا محمد يا رسول
 مدين اكيلا منزل دور
 تيري پيري سان دا پور
 پار لگادو نذبي رسول

'No guide have I but Thou, O Thou Great 'I am.'
 Thou art the Guide of the Path, Thou art the only God.
 O Muhammad, O (High) Messenger.
 O Muhammad, O (High) Messenger.
 I am alone and the goal is far off.

Thine is the ferry, we are the passengers.

Ferry us over O Prophet, Oh (High) Messenger.

And he told me : "Repeat this Kalām. Repeat it with thy heart and soul. Let it repeat itself in your blood and breath and brain, and you will have a vision of the Prophet. When you have that heatific vision, ask for three things. Say : "O Prophet, when I die let me have no trouble, when I get into the grave let me have no trouble, when I come to the Alsarat bridge, sharp as a razor, thin as a hair, may I have no trouble, and may I be under the standard of Imam Hussen." I asked Nathu Shah : "When I meet the Prophet, by what sign am I to make out that he is the Prophet ;" and Nathu Shah said : "Son, the sign is that when you see the prophet, the whole world and all it contains will become as white as a well-washed cloth."

HAZURI WANTS TO BECOME A FAKIR. HIS FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

I said to myself : "I have served my belly so long. Let me see if there is anything in this *Kalām*." I continued to quarry for five days more, and I repeated the Kalām with fervour. On the sixth day, a Nanga Fakir came and sat in my hut. He had only a single cloth on, one-half of which was on his loins, while the other half was on the upper part of his body. I told him : "Sir, make me a Fakir." He said : "Very well, come with me." The people in the quarries told me to remain with them, and I would get a Rupee per day as wages. But I said "No." I had done twenty-five Rupees worth of work, and getting those 25 Rs., I spent 7 Rs. on tickets, and I and the Fakir came by train to Rindli. We then paid a Rupee more, and by a ballast train reached Sibi. There I took tickets for Karachi, by desire of the Sayad, and at Karachi I handed over my turban and my other clothes to him. The Sayad went to the Bazar, and on his return I asked him what he had done with them. He said : "I have given them away in the name of God." I said "you have done well." But shortly afterwards some policeman came, and asked the Sayad for how much he had sold the clothes, and he said 'for a Rupee and a quarter.' I then told him : "Why did you tell a lie? You said you had given them away in the name of God. I am no longer going to be your associate. Go away at once." I then gave up the Sayad's company, and began to work at Karachi in order to earn my livelihood.

THE RESOLVE RENEWED. HAZURI AT MANGHO PIR.

Then it occurred to me once more : "You were working before, and you have taken to work again. Become a Fakir." Once more I gave away all my belongings in the name of God, except a *chādar* and a loin-cloth, and went to Mangho Pir. I was ashamed to beg, and for 10 days I lived on raw dates.

HAZURI'S FIRST DREAM.

Then in a dream I got an order to go to Pir Abbas at Nangar Tatta. I hadn't heard the Pir's name before. I heard it for the first time in my dream. I went to a shrine called after Pir Abbas at Nangar Tatta, and there I took to repeating the *Kalām* of Nathu Shah. I used to repeat it at night, and fall asleep in the early hours of the morning.

HAZURI RECEIVES A KICK. HIS SECOND DISAPPOINTMENT.

Nothing happened during six days. But on the seventh, while I was asleep I received a kick from a booted figure who said: "You are not fit for a Fakir's life. Go and work. In the morning hours when you should pray, you are asleep!" I saw the booted figure in a dream, but when I *awoke* I found the mark of the blow he had given me, and I have it still on my hips. I fell ill, and felt pain in my bones and wasn't able to walk. Then some Fakirs in the name of *Allah* took me to the Hospital at Tatta. For fourteen days I was there, and I was fed.

HAZURI HEARS A VOICE.

After the fourteen days, I heard a voice in my dream saying: "Go to the shrine of Pir Abdul Wahāb. Hazrat Pir Dastagir's son." I hadn't heard the name of Pir Abdul Wahāb before. The voice said the shrine was in the Koris' Mahla at Tatta. I went to that shrine, and an order came to me there in a dream: "Plant a garden here, and water it, and you will obtain *Fakiri*." For ten months, therefore, I planted trees and watered them. The shrine was desolate and lonely when I went thither, and I did my best to make it smile a little.

HAZURI'S FOOD EATEN BY A DOG.

After the ten months, the word came to me in a dream: "Your food has been eaten by a dog," and I understood my share of *Fakiri* was gone, but I didn't understand why I had lost it.

HAZURI IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

Then the thought occurred to me: "Why should you live, you had better die." There are mausoleum and graves within 24 miles of Tatta, and I wandered among them. It occurred to me: "Take no food, drink no water and no *bhang*. It is better for you to die." For three days I remained at Abdullah Shah's *makān* and took no water or food during that period.

A CHEERING DREAM.

Then a voice said to me in a dream: "Your service is accepted. Go to the Kalandar's shrine at Sehwan." My heart leapt with joy, and I went on foot up to Hala, and there met a Fakir, Sādikali, who accompanied me to a Railway Station, and paid nine annas for my ticket. We both got into a train, and arrived at Sehwan. The annual fair at the shrine of the Kalandar was in full swing, and Sādikali ordered me to bring water to the Fakirs in the fair, and I went on distributing water to them. I did this for three days.

JOURNEY TO GĀJĪ PĪR IN THE NAI GAJ HILLS.

Once more a word came to me in a dream. This time it was: "Go to Gāji Pīr," and I went to Gāji Pīr, and the Khalifa there told me to go to the village of *Suparda*, and I would get not one live Pīr only, but a whole village full of such Pīrs. *Supardah* is near *Bhān*, and it was 10 miles off. I left one morning, and reached it in the evening.

"GIVE UP YOUR LIFE AND YOU WILL GET FAKIRI."

I noticed a Sayad's flagstaff. It was a very big one, and I went and sat by it. A little boy Hussen Shah came there, and said to me: "Tell me all about yourself," and I told him everything. He then said: "If you give up your life, you will get Fakiri." I said: "I will give you my life." He said: "Don't give it to me: Give it to my father." He took me to his father, Juman Shah, who was hewing wood with an axe. I said: "Sir, give me the axe to hew wood, you are a Sayad." I then hewed wood for him, and he told me to take the faggots into his *Haveli*, (women's quarters). I said: "How can I go into your *Haveli*? I have no clothes on except this lūng (loin-cloth)." He said: "There is no privacy in my family. You are my son. Go in." I said to myself: "You have come here to gain *Fakiri*. But your lives are cast again among the things of the world, for here are children and women."

HAZURI'S HEAD AND BEARD CLEAN SHAVED.

The next evening Juman Shah told me: "Son, you had a dream at Mangho Pīr. I met you there. You had a dream at Tatta. I met you there. You had a dream at the Kalandar's shrine. I met you there. You had a dream at Gāji Fakir's shrine. I met you there.* At four places you received orders. It was I who gave you those orders." I said: "Tell me of some sign. What sign did you give me." He said: "I gave

* It will be noticed that Hazuri has mentioned no dream at Gāji Fakir's shrine; but probably he had one there.

you a kick on the hips with my boots. That sign alone is sufficient." I had told everything to his son, including the kick. Juman Shah continued: "I will make you a *Talib* (seeker after God). I will make you a *Fakir*." He then had my head and beard clean shaved, and put a cloth round my neck to serve as a wallet, and made me a *Fakir*. He asked me if I would take to study. I replied in the affirmative. He then made me commit to memory the whole (spiritual) geneology of Kalandar Lall Shabbāz.

FAKIRI A HEAVY BURDEN. HAZURI GOES THROUGH THE
ORDEAL OF FIRE.

But still no vision came to me, and I said: "Oh my *Murshid* (spiritual guide), you have had my beard and head shaved, but I haven't gained *Fakiri*." He then said: "*Fakiri* is a heavy burden. It is a burden, son, you won't be able to bear." Then at night he lighted a bon-fire and said: "If you really seek *Fakiri*, fling yourself into this fire." I flung myself into it, but just as I fell into it, he cried out: "Get up, come out;" and I replied: "I have thrown myself into it, you may lift me up; I won't get up and won't come out." He then raised me up, but not before my right side had got singed.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

Next morning the villagers seeing the burns asked me: "How is it your whole side is scorched? Your *Murshid* apparently has no stuff in him." I then said to myself: "He, my *Murshid*, is a *Sayad's* son, what matters it if I burn to death at his behest." I then went to the *Sayad's Haveli*, and the *Sayad*, my *Murshid*, applied his spittle to my burns, and his gentle lady applied a little oil, and they were healed instantaneously. Only a small mark remained near my right shoulder.

THE SECOND ORDEAL, THE ORDEAL OF SILENCE.

Then I told my *Murshid*: "Oh *Murshid*, I fell into the fire but I didn't get *Fakiri*." He said: "Do you sleep to-night and you will get *Fakiri*." I accordingly slept that night, and I dreamt that three corpses would be brought for burial in our cemetery, for my *Murshid* owned one, and the flagstaff was there, and his *Haveli* was only at a little distance from it.

In the morning, I told the village people of my dream, and really and truly only three corpses were brought to the cemetery for burial. Then my *Murshid* said: "Oh you rascal—you have been asking for *Fakiri* again and again, and I have given you only a little of it, and lo and

behold you begin to babble and to predict that only three persons would die in the village to-day. You are not fit for *Fakiri*. Go and live in the work-a-day world." But I did not leave him.

A DOG APPEARS AS A MAN.

Next night I had another dream. I saw a man who said, 'Give me your hand.' I gave it, and I awoke and found a dog's paw rested in my hand. It was my Murshid's dog, and my Murshid said: "You scape-grace, even my dog has the power of appearing to you as a man. Be on your guard, and restrain yourself and reveal nothing, if you want to be a Fakir."

ANOTHER TRIAL OF FAITH.

Some days later, I again told him: "I have seen many dreams, but you haven't given me *Fakiri*." He said: "Work and serve and I will give you *Fakiri*." I asked him what service he demanded of me, and he took out a sword, and said: "This is a Sayad's child, cut him up into pieces." The child was another Sayad's. I was about to cut him up when my Murshid called out: "Don't" and I didn't, and came back to the Murshid.

'WORK AND SERVE.'

There were four Sayads' *Havelis* in all, namely, my Murshid's, Haji Shah's, Taj Mahmud's and Ibrahim Shah's. My Murshid had only two sons, Ahmad Shah and Hussien Shah. Haji Shah, who was my Murshid's brother, had four sons, Parial Shah, Madari Shah, Maluk Shah and Abulfatah. Taj Mahmud had two sons Mehr Shah and Kasimali Shah; and Ibrahim Shah had also two sons, Bhawan Shah and Mahmud Jamal. Taj Mahmud and Ibrahim Shah were kinsmen of my Murshid. There was a fifth Sayad, Mahmud Shah, who was a *talib* (disciple) of my Murshid. I had to fetch water and fuel for all the four *Havelis*, and live by begging. I served them for three years or two and a half.

HAZURI DIES AND COMES TO LIFE AGAIN.

At the end of that period, my Murshid told me one day: "Come here that I may kill you." I said: "Very well, kill me." I lay down by his fire-place. His family were there. As I lay down he drew his sword, and I fell into a trance, and in that trance I saw a fair held by women in which there were only three or four men, and all the men and women were saying: "There is no man and there is no woman. He gets *Fakiri* who sees the One in both and both in the One." Then there was a shout: "He who wants *Fakiri*, let him take off his lūng, let him make his soul

naked as a new-born babe." I took off my lūng in the trance, and I awoke and found it was still on me. I hadn't seen my mother or any *Fakiri* in the dream.

ALLAH ALI. JUMAN JATI JUMAN BUKHARI.

When I awoke I found myself in the midst of the Sayad's family. and Ahmed Shah one of my Murshid's sons, said: "I am your Allah, I am Ali." I said: "Very well. If you are my Allah, if you are Ali, you are so." Allah and Ali are one and the same. Hussen said: "I am the youth who met you at Mach."* My Murshid said: "I was Juman Jati in my former birth, and my mausoleum is at Sehwan. I am now Juman Bukhari," I said: "Is that true?" He said: "Yes it is the truth." I then said: "Oh Murshid, I became your Murid (disciple) in order to have a vision of the Prophet. Up to date I have had no such vision." He said: "Son, you will meet the Prophet," and he directed me to go out of the village and beg. I said: "Where should I go." He said: "Go to Bhan."

HAZURI FALLS.

So I went to Bhan, and got about four annas by begging, and instead of returning to my Murshid, I spent them on *Bhang* and *Charash* (Indian Hemp) and feeding a man more distressed than myself. I passed a day and a night at Bhan, and proceeded thence to Dadu, and after a stay of two days there, to Ranipur, and thence to Khyrpur and Baburloi.

"WHAT IS THE VOICE COMING FROM GOD'S GODHEAD."

In the pedigree taught to me by Juman Shah occurred the name of Malang Shah. You want me to recite the pedigree. I will recite it, but you must not take it down.† Well, then, at Baburloi, I saw an old Fakir with his beard and head shaved, and with only a loin-cloth on, and his

* Hazuri, it will be observed, has said nothing on this point in the foregoing chronicle.

† The recitation ran thus: "Whose *talib* is Hazuri? Allah's and the Kalma's: Juman Shah's. Whose *talib* is Juman Shah? Allah's and the Kalma's: Zulfikar's (Kalma is the famous Mahommedan creed: 'There is no God but God and Muhammad is His Prophet.'). The same question was put about everyone of the spiritual hierarchy, everyone was called the *talib* of Allah and of the Kalma, and the name of his spiritual father was then mentioned. The pedigree was a long one and its recitation occupied about half an hour. Malang Shah was Juman Shah's Murshid's Murshid who traced his spiritual descent from Lall Shahbaz. Lall Shahbaz himself was spiritually descended from a long line of saints mentioned in the pedigree. Hazuri objected to its being reduced to writing as the correct recitation of the pedigree is apparently a pass word or Shibboleth among *Kalandars*.

name was Malang Shah. He was sitting in a Saint's shrine situated in a cemetery, and I sojourned with him for three or four days. Then one night he said: "What is the voice coming from God's godhead." I said: "Oh Murshid, I hear nothing." He said: "Son, you are impetuous and impatient. Fakiri is yet at a great distance from you." He then told me that for 12 months he had, at Shikarpur, taken no food except milk. I said: "Sir, I am off." He said, "Where to," and I replied "to Rohri."

IN THE SLOUGH AGAIN.

At Rohri, I went to the shrine of Sakhi Dīn Panāh, and divested myself of all the outward insignia of *Fakiri*, the *nafil* or small trump, the *manio* or coral, the Kangan of *hartal* or armlets of yellow orpiment, and one or two *gāmās* or threads worn round my neck, which my Murshid had given me. I gave them to the Fakir at the said shrine, and I told him: "I am going, I won't take food and I will die. I haven't received *Fakiri*. These things are of no use to me." My old clothes I gave away to sweepers, and with nothing but a loin-cloth on me, I came to Shikarpur last winter.

A FOURTEEN DAYS' FAST AND A VISION OF KALANDARS, HINDU AND MAHOMMEDAN.

There is a Hindu temple near Alif Shah's tomb and the Shahi Bāgh, and by that temple I fasted for fourteen days, taking only dates, and sometimes a little milk if it was brought to me. On the fourteenth day a voice came to me in a dream: "Arise, you will now have a vision of the Prophet." In the dream I beheld a fair in which were all my Murshids from the first to the last, all the Murshids named in the pedigree. I rejoiced to see them, but two Hindus came up and beat me with a club saying: "Get up, you have sat near our door and caused sin to defile us. Get up and we will show you the Prophet." The Hindus wore coarse black sack-cloth, and they had the appearance of Kalandars. I said to them, in my dream: "You have beaten me, and I have starved. Tell me where I can meet him." They said: "Go to Alahrakhio Nidhān Khan's village, and there you will see the Prophet."

HAZURI NURSES A SICK KALANDAR.

I made inquiries and found my way to that village which was 10 or 12 miles from Jāgan, and 6 miles from Jacobabad. I went to Alahrakhio Nidhān Khan's *otak*, and there I found a Fakir, Miskin Shah, who was lying very ill. I removed his ejecta and tidied him and nursed him well. Late at night he asked for a little water, and I gave it to him. He then passed away.

A KALANDAR'S BELONGINGS.

Alahrakhio gave me all his things, namely, a pair of tongs, a *Kishti* (a boat-like bowl for begging), a rosary, a cup, a kettle, a *lota* (water-jug), a blanket, three quilts, a cot, thirteen *darries* of grain, also a *nafil* (trump). When I got these things, the Baniyas said that Miskin Shah was indebted to them in 5 Rs., and I gave them 5 Rs. worth of grain. Two *darries* fetched a Rupee. I gave the *Kishti* to a man who, in the name of God, asked for it, and I gave away all the other things also except the *nafil* and the kettle which I left in Nidhan Khan's *otak*.

HAZURI BECOMES A WATER-CARRIER IN THE NAME
OF THE LORD.

I said to myself: "You gained these things, but not yet the vision of the Prophet. Your master has told you everything, will be like white cloth, and there will be light when the vision comes." Nathu Shah had told me so. It then occurred to me: "Fetch water for people: That way you will get the vision;" and at four *otaks*, Nidhan Khan's, Dilmurad's, Alisher's and Mubarak Khan's, I used to fill the earthen pitchers, fourteen in all. I used also to give help to both Hindus and Mussulmans in drawing water from a well which was about 100 paces or so from Nidhan's *otak*. And for three months I performed this service.

HAZURI SEES EVERYTHING WHITE IN THE VILLAGE OF PRAYER.

Then one day when I sat face to face with one Abdul Razak Sayad (who had an *otak* near the four *otaks* and whom also I used to serve) I saw everything white. I used to beg *charash* for the Sayad, and to pound Bhang for him and to shampoo him. He used to drink 5 or 6 annas worth of Bhang every day; and he used to abuse me and say: "Go away from my house," but I went on serving him, for I had great faith in him. You ask why. Hazrat Dastagir had eleven sons,* Abdul Razak, Abdul Wahab, Abdul Aziz, Abdul Jabar, Abdul Ghafur, Shamsuddin, Abdullah Shah, Isa, Ibrahim, Mahmud, Yahaya, Abdul Ghani, Halima. There might have been thirteen if the names I have given are thirteen. I haven't been allowed to smoke in the Jail, and my memory too may be at fault. At Nagar Tatta the shrine was Abdul Wahab's, and there I had been told I would see live Pirs. So I put faith in Abdul Razak. Alahrakhio's village was also called Nimāzān Gam (or the village of prayer).

* Dastagir is the name of Abdul Kadir Gilani who was 11th in descent from Hassan. He had only two sons Ali Muhammad and Abdul Wahab.

HAZURI IS TOLD TO KEEP A VIGIL.

I saw everything white, but I didn't see the Prophet. So I said to Abdul Razak: "Why is it I don't get *Fakiri*." He said: "Go to Rohri. There you will find a cave of Shah Shakar Ganj. Do you keep a vigil there for seventeen days."

THREE SHARAI (LEGAL) GASHES.

I then started for Rohri. I came to Shikarpur and passed two or three nights in the Imambara. Leaving Shikarpur I came to the village of Hanbāh near Chak on my way to Rohri, and as a fair was being held at the village, I passed two nights at Mahmud Shah's *otak*. On the third day, I went to the *makān* of the Sufis. There I met at mid-day one Shauk Ali Wd. Bakshali Khukhrani, a native of the Makhi Belo in the Singhoro Taluka and a Murid of Kadur Muhiyuddin Mahbub Subhani Dastagir of Karbala. Faiz Mahomed Gilani, Dastagir's Khalifa, lived at Hambāh. Shauk Ali's father was a Murid of Mian Abdul Satar, a Sufi Fakir at Jhok who was himself a Murid of Dastagir. Shauk Ali used to graze cattle before he became a Fakir. The Sufi Fakirs of Jhok taught him to repeat the name of God, and he was in their society for two or three years before he turned his thoughts to Allah and started on a tour. He had not seen God as He is, or seen the Spirit of God in himself, the great Inbreathing Spirit, or ever enjoyed the ecstatic vision, and after conversing with me apart and hearing of the miracles my Murshid had wrought, he told me: "Oh Fakir, give me a little of your spiritual earnings and of your Murshid's spiritual earnings. Let me have only 2 Rupees out of your wealth." I said: "I haven't a pie, my son. Go fetch water for the thirsty for 12 months together. If you can't do that, go beg bread and feed the poor and dogs, and Maula Ali will give you wealth." He said: "I don't want to work for 12 months. I want the wealth at once." I said: "My Murshid is omnipresent. If I give you three sharai gashes on the throat, you will be ushered into his presence, into the presence of Maula Ali, into the presence of Allah and you can then obtain as much treasure as you like." My Murshid had told me that he had drawn his sword three times * across my throat according to Sharai (law) at the time I had lain by the fire-place. I had reposed complete faith in him. So I had felt no pain, and by my Murshid's power, there was no cut visible. I wanted to try Shauk Ali's faith. Had he allowed me to give him the third cut, he would have seen his soul, and he would have risen from his body, and would have come to life again. My Murshid was present with

* Mahommedan butchers when slaughtering animals cry out: "In the name of the Lord the most Merciful and Compassionate" and then give three cuts.

me everywhere and his mystic power is infinite. He is with me here. He was with me when I led Shauk Ali to a tamarisk tree on the southern bank of the Hanbāh wah, and took off the knife hanging from a leather girdle round his neck, and used by him generally for cutting mangoes and peeling onions. It was not sharp and was somewhat indented. I told him I would sever his throat with three cuts according to law. He lay down under the tree and closed his eyes, and I drew the knife once across his throat and he said nothing. I drew it a second time and he cried out, "Stop, I don't want to see Allah or Ali" and I stopped at once, and said: "Oh you unfortunate one, if you want me to stop, I stop."* Allah and Ali are one and the same, and our Murshid is our God. Yes my God is Juman Shah.

HAZURI IS ARRESTED.

What did Shaukali do? Why he walked up with me to a *pipal* tree south of the *malcan* and lay down there while I went into the *malcan*. The villagers put antimony into his wound to stop the bleeding, and they informed the Police. Shaukali made no complaint against me, but I was arrested and he was taken to a Hospital.

BHANG AND CHARASH.

Used I to take a good deal of *Bhang* and *Charash*? O yes, latterly, I took a deal of both at Allahrakhio's, and at Shikarpur and at Mahmud Shah's fair. At Allahrakhio's I used to get intoxicated with *Bhang*, and take 2 or 2½ annas worth of *Charash*. For days and nights sometimes, I smoked *charash* so as to get intoxicated, for during my intoxication little boys with the faces of cherubim used to appear before me and prattle sweetly. Sometimes I used to see a fire as it were in my heart. No, I usedn't to see any cherubim, I used to hear their sweet voices. I see only my Murshid. I see him only when I am in straits. He is now hearing what I say. I don't see him, but I hear his voice calling 'Hazuri Fakir.' He doesn't say "you have done an evil deed." He says: "What do you care?"

"IF YOU WANT TO HANG ME, HANG ME SOON."

You ask how much of *bhang* and *charash* I took on the day I tried the faith of that lily-livered, craven-hearted Fakir Shaukali. Why, no end of

* Shauk Ali who corroborated Hazuri said: "I have seen Jugglers drawing a knife across a boy's throat, and I have seen blood issue and then the Juggler's incantations put a stop to the blood, and there is not even a scar seen and the boy operated upon turns out as well as before. That is done by means of illusions. I had understood I would feel no pain at all. As soon as I felt pain I cried out 'Stop' and he stopped."

bhang certainly. Whoever pounded *bhang* and offered it to me had no refusal from me: I took all that was given. If you want to hang me, hang me soon. That is all I want. What have I to do with the outer world?

HAZURI FORSWEARS BHANG AND CHARASH AND GOES
TO A CAVE.

Can I give up both *bhang* and *charash*? Yes, I can, provided I am allowed to smoke tobacco. If I can't get all the three, let me have at least tobacco. Why doesn't my Murshid supply me with tobacco? He soars to heaven on the wings of ecstasy. What has he to do with such things? Is it possible for me, you ask, to forswear *bhang* and *charash* in the name of all the Murshids whose names I have recited? Yes, I forswear both in the presence of all my Murshids. The police arrested me though Shaukali made no complaint. I have been in jail. I was told I had attempted to murder Shaukali. But the doctor said I hadn't injured the windpipe or the gullet or any important blood vessel but had merely divided some of the small arteries. I caused only a little hurt to Shaukali by his consent to try his faith, and you say I can go. I go to the cave of Shakarganj to keep my vigil and promise once more never to take *bhang* or *charash*. So help me my Murshid! So help me Ali! So help me Allah!

“Give up thy life if thou wouldst live”

“Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me: cleave the wood and there am I.”

(Recently discovered sayings of Christ.)

طالب العقبى مونت

طالب الدنيا مخنت

طالب الهولى مذكنز

Whoso seeketh the world is of the lowest (spiritual) gender. Whoso seeketh heaven is feminine. Whoso seeketh the Lord is masculine.—(*Sufi Proverb*).

IV.—*Notes on Tamil Words and Ways.*—By A. C. CLAYTON.

[Received 18th October, 1898; Read 4th January, 1899.]

At the last census, the number of persons speaking Tamil was returned as fifteen millions, but it must not be thought these all constitute one race. On the contrary the people speaking Tamil may be divided into three very distinct classes. There are Brāhmanas with Āryan blood in their veins, who use many Sanskrit roots and affect a Sanskrit pronunciation of Sanskrit words which have been naturalised in Tamil and have acquired a new pronunciation in the process. For instance *Bhūmi* (earth) is *Būmi* in ordinary Tamil, and *Samudra* (sea) is *Samuttiram*, but many Brāhmanas keep to the Sanskrit pronunciation of the stem, though they add the Tamil terminations. Next to the Brāhmanas comes the great mass of Vellālas, who are a most highly respected agricultural class, chiefly Saivites, and who speak very pure Tamil, and no other language. Indeed, there is an old Tamil, saying that 'a Brāhman's Tamil and a Vellālan's Sanskrit are both full of faults'—(*Pārppān Tamirum Vellālan Samskiruthamum varuvaru*). Below these come the mass of labourers, chiefly Parayans, and the jungle tribes. Though the greatest and most beautiful of all Tamil books, the *Kural*, was the work of a Parayan, there is little trace of beauty in the speech of modern Parayans, and the language of Vēdāns and Villis and other jungle-folk is hopelessly corrupt. Of course this does not profess to be a complete account of the Tamils, but roughly speaking the three-fold distinction that I have indicated must be observed, otherwise considerable confusion will occur, and the customs which the now Āryanised Brāhmanas have borrowed from original Brāhman invaders may be mistaken for true Dravidian, or, on the other hand, the fears and beliefs of the Villi and the Parayan may be confused with the higher faith of the Vellālan or Brāhman. In dealing with Tamil customs and proverbs, therefore, it is of the utmost moment to find out by which class or classes of the Tamil community they are observed or used.

A very peculiar festival is observed at a village called Periyapālayam some sixteen miles from Madras. It was formerly attended by Chaklis (leather-dressers) Pallis and Parayans only, but I am told that the number of Vellālanas and even Brāhmanas who attend the festival has considerably increased of late years. The festival is held in honour of a goddess known as Bavaniyammāl, and the homage rendered to her is two-fold: her worshippers sacrifice some thousands of sheep on the river bank outside her temple, and, entirely divesting themselves of their garments and covering themselves with bunches of the leaves of the *neem* tree, they perambulate the temple. Except on the five Sundays, usually in July and August, on which the

festival is held, the goddess is comparatively forsaken and is said to be a vegetarian, but on the five festival Sundays she is said to be as greedy for flesh as a leather-dresser's wife, and a story is told to account for this which is practically as follows :—

There was once a *rishi* who lived on the banks of the Periyapalayam river with his wife Bavani. Every morning Bavani used to bathe in the river and bring back water for the use of the household. But she never took any vessel with her in which to bring the water home, for she was so chaste, that she could form a water-pot out of the dry river sand and take water home in it. But one day, while she was bathing, she saw the reflection of Indra's face in the water, and could not help admiring it. When she returned to the bank of the river, and tried to form her water-pot of sand as usual, she could not do so, for her admiration of Indra had been the ruin of her power, and she went home sadly to fetch a brass water-pot. Her husband saw her carrying the brass pot to the river, and at once suspected her of unchastity, and calling his son ordered him to strike off Bavani's head with his sword. It was in vain that the son tried to avoid the hateful task; he had to obey his father, but he was so agitated by his feelings that when at last he struck at his mother, he not only cut off her head, but that of a leather-dresser's wife who stood near. The two bodies lay side by side. The *rishi* was so pleased with his son's obedience that he promised him any favour that he should ask. To his great anger his son at once begged that his mother might be brought to life again, but he was compelled to keep his word, and told his son that if he put his mother's head on her trunk she would live. The son tried to do so, but in his haste took up the head of the leather-dresser's wife, and put that on Bavani's body. Leather-dressers are flesh-eaters, and so it happens that on the appointed festival days sheep and cocks are offered to the goddess. It may be noted that the sheep must be killed at one blow. Two blows would defile it as a sacrifice.

As to the wearing of the *neem* leaves I have been unable to get any explanation. The people who do it, do it in fulfilment of a vow made in time of sickness. Thus a woman ill of fever will vow 'to wear *neem* at Periyapalayam' if she recover; or a man with dysentery will make the same vow. In some cases a villager will make the vow on behalf of a sick cow, and the animal will be brought and bathed in the river, and clad in *neem* leaves and led round the temple, just like any other worshipper. The act is a thanksgiving for mercies received, and is not an attempt to propitiate the favour of the deity. It thus differs from somewhat similar scenes elsewhere. It is said, for instance, that at a shrine some distance from Shimoga, in the Mysore State, women walk round the temple completely naked, but there the object is to obtain children, not to give thanks, and the ceremony

is performed by very few; whilst at Periyapālyam *neem* is worn by hundreds. The *neem* is chosen for several reasons. Its thick foliage makes it a very good covering, its holiness makes it particularly suitable for use at a festival, it is extremely plentiful at that season of the year, and very common at Periyapālyam. On the other hand it contains a bitter oil and gives off a bitter smell and many of those who wear it suffer severely from nausea, the more so as the bathing in the river and the dressing in *neem* and the procession round the temple must all be done fasting.

The *neem* is put to quite another use in parts of this District. When cholera is about, people of all classes cut down small branches of the *neem*, and some lengths of a thin, jointed, creeping, cactus-like plant generally found growing near prickly-pear, called *perandei* in Tamil. These are put in all the pathways leading from infected villages. The cholera-goddess, sometimes called Gangamāl, (Ganga-māi?) must journey on the paths, she cannot go across country, and the holy *neem* and the *perandei* will stop her, as she cannot pass by either. I do not profess to give the rationale of this, but the custom which I have often noticed is of interest in the study of the beliefs connected with sacred trees. I am not aware that the *perandei* is used in any other ceremonies.

Perhaps I should add that the *neem* tree is called *veppamaram* in Tamil, and is generally known to English people in South-India as the Margosa.*

**Azadirachta indica*. Ed.

V.—*Note on a sacred tank at Amolar, tahsil Chhitramau, district Farukhabad.*—By CHARLES A. SILBERRAD, B.A., B.Sc., I.C.S.

[Received 26th October, 1898; Read 4th January, 1899.]

On the north side of Amolar is a tank of very ordinary appearance but which is said to have the power of deciding between truth and falsehood. If two disputants bathe in it and then swear to their statements as correct at the shrine in the Zamindar's house near by, he who has sworn falsely will die within eight days. It is said that no one now-a-days will agree to this test. The tank is known as the Ladhā Tāl.

This village of Amolar is a large and old one with an extensive 'khera.' The villagers say that Rāja Amrik, "a Bhil," was the founder, that he was followed by the "Bihars," to whom are ascribed all 'kheras' in that part of Farukhābād district, but of whom no one seems to know more than the name and that they came "from the west." Then came one "Chathar Sāl, a Rājput."

Since then I have been transferred from the district and unable to make further inquiries. At Amolar occurs much carved red Agra stone of the usual character, and I found a small carved image in soap-stone, which the inhabitants called "Debi." What it really is I cannot say.



VI.—*Shagūn, or Rain-omen.*—By CHARLES A. SILBERRAD, B.A., B.Sc.,
I.C.S.

[Received 26th October, 1898 ; Read 4th January, 1899.]

The following account of a *Shagūn* or method of divining whether rain would fall or not was given me by the Tahsildar of Chhata (Lekhraj Singh Thakur) in the district of Muttra in the North-Western Provinces. It was performed at the end of September this year [1898] when owing to their having been no rain since early in the month and much less than the average up till then the cultivators began to feel anxious about the prospects of their Kharif harvest and Rabi sowings. The omen deduced was bad and so far (Oct. 24th) the prediction has turned out correct and there is little present prospect of it being otherwise.

I also give (in vernacular and English) two songs sung at the time of taking the omen. They are in the Braj dialect, with which I am personally not acquainted, but I have got them translated, I think, fairly accurately. Both are interesting as invocations of Indra and his queen, who, I am told, is taken very little heed of except when drought is threatening.

The first hymn is an ordinary invocation, the second partakes more of the nature of a reproach—the sum and substance of it being that now all nature is ready for the rain yet “thou who art the daughter of justice and bride in the family of mercy dost not bring it.”

At night several old women, especially widows of good moral character, meet together and go towards a dhobi's (washerman) house singing songs of prayer, and when a short distance from the house the party stop and one only goes up to it and asks for water in a lamentable voice.* If the dhobi quickly complies with her request it is thought to be a good omen if not the contrary. Directly the dhobi having given her the water turns his back, the woman throws the pot on the ground saying that she would not take water of a dhobi, abuses him and returns to the other women. This same performance is then repeated at the houses of a ‘Māli’ (gardener), ‘Kumhār’ (potter) and ‘Rangrez’ (dyer).

Next at midnight these women go to some well outside the village and four of them stretch a ‘chadhar’ (sheet), the property of a good man, over the well. The rest go on singing, while one woman peeps into the well and calls for water. If the sound of a frog moving inside the well is heard it is considered a good omen.

On other occasions the oldest woman of the company goes to the well and sleeps beside it alone. If she dreams a good dream the omen is good.

* This rain-compelling custom may be compared with a somewhat similar one amongst the Koch tribe of N. Bengal and Assam recorded by Damant in *Indian Antiquary, circa 1875*. Ed.

HYMN I.

Now come in torrents, O Indra Rāja in this land.

I will give thee, O Queen of the clouds, a sandal chair to sit upon, and wash thy feet with milk.

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

I will cook white rice, O Queen of clouds, for thee ; I will cook husked dāl (split 'urd') and green mungorī (a preparation of 'mung') for thee ;

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

I will prepare curd from brown buffaloes' milk and mix with it a scaleful of sugar.

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

I will heat a vessel full of ghī, and fry four 'pāpars' (thin cakes) in it for thee ;

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

Now that thou hast been well supplied with good food, I tell thee where to rest and taste thy sweetmeats.

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

There is a lofty upper story made of bricks for thee, where a lamp burns all night long.

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

The day has dawned whilst I have been sleeping, how shall I go home ?

Now come in torrents, O Queen of clouds, in this land.

 HYMN II.

The plaster has left the walls (*i.e.*, through the intense heat and drought).

O shameless Queen of clouds, where hast thou gone ?

Thy serpents have cast their skins,

O shameless Queen of clouds, where hast thou gone ?

Thy peacocks have dropped their feathers,

O shameless Queen of clouds, where hast thou gone ?

O thou that art the daughter of the Dharm Rāja (king of justice) and bride in the family of the Karuṇ Rāja (king of mercy),

O shameless Queen of clouds, where hast thou gone ?

HYMN I.

ओम्

अब टर बरसे हो इन्द्र राजा देश में

टेक

चन्दन चौकी मेघासन रानी बैठना दूध पखाहँ पाँव ॥ १

अब टर बरसे हो मेघासन रानी देश में ॥

चावल राँधू हे मेघासन रानी ऊजरे हरी मँगौरी धोवा दास

अब टर बरसे हो मेघासन रानी देश में ॥

दूध जमाऊँ भूरी भेंस को पुर भर वूरा डार ॥

अब टर बरसे हो मेघासन रानी देश में ॥

घिया भरताऊँ तामरो पापड़ सेकूँ चार जेऊँ जूठो रस रह्यो पौठन ठौर
बताव ॥

अब टर बरसे हो मेघासन रानी ॥

ऊँची अटरिया ईँट की दिवाल बरे सारी रात सोयो सकारे हे गयो
अब घर कैसे जाऊँ ॥

अब टर बरसे हो रानी देश में ॥

HYMN II.

भीतन क्कोड़े लेवना हे मेघासन भोड़न कित गयो ॥

तेरी साँपिन क्कोड़ी काँचरी हे मेघासन भोड़न कित गई ॥

तेरी मोरिन क्कोड़ी पँच हे मेघासन भोड़न कित गई ॥

बाह वाहरी धर्म रजा की लुथी कर्य रजा की कुल वऊ
हे मेघासन भोड़न कित गई ॥ टेक

VII—*The Evil Eye and the Scaring of Ghosts*.—By E. N. MAHADEVA
SASTRIAR.

[Received 18th October, 1898; Read 4th January, 1899.]

A belief in the adverse influences of the evil eye is a very old factor in the social and religious life of this country. It is firmly believed that this influence affects the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms in various degrees and kinds according to the circumstances of each individual case.

It may be of interest to see how the animate and the inanimate are considered to be under the sway of the proverbial evil eye. According to the philosophy of perception generally accepted among the Hindu Vedantists, it is the soul, acting through the enormous mass of force called Prana, that sees and hears and smells, &c. This force in the shape of a psychic current receives and preserves all sense impressions which are answered by reflexive motor currents of the same Pranic force. In ordinary cases, such currents flow through the medium of the nerves so long as the destination of the current is not out of the body. But in the case of an eye-perception, there is a flow of some kind of electric, mesmeric or psychic current which has the mental constitution of the man who sees, for one end, and the object seen, for the other. If this current is any way interrupted, such as by a screen being placed between the eye and the object, there is no perception. Now the centre of the mental constitution, from which the psychic rays proceed is according to the Hindu Philosophy a conglomeration of forces and potentialities too numerous and various to be fully enumerated or described. But however a short, though inadequate sketch of its constitution would throw a great deal of light into the obscure portions of this investigation.

The tendencies of the mind are the result of experiences in the onward journey of the soul in the economy of universal evolution. These are temporarily modified by environment and nourishment. The internal springs of human tendencies are not easily traceable. Still they could not have originated from nothing, and they could not have also originated from the same thing with so sharply defined distinctions between one another. One mind is bent upon doing good to others at great sacrifice. Another mind wants to do something provided No. 1, is left untouched. There is a third that hates the first two for the very reason that they wish to do good to others and there are many fourths that are never so pleased as when they see others brought to misery. All the dramas that have ever been written including even those of the most recent Belgian Maeterlinck and all the novels that are still being daily printed off in steam-speed

machines, are only trying, with a great deal of commendable success, to delienate the varieties of the human mind, that unfathomable ocean of currents, forces and tendencies.

If a current that emanates from this mind and runs through the motor nerves governing the biceps or calf muscles can strike a blow at or kick down the nearest sentient, a similar current issuing out of the same mind but proceeding through another channel may be reasonably expected to be potent enough to cause some analogous effect. The quality of this effect is determined by the quality of the cause, *i.e.*, ultimately the mind.

It must be remembered that it is not every man that possesses the distinction of an evil eye. In a village of two or three hundred people there are about half a dozen men and women who are marked as possessing evil eyes. If the character and antecedents of such persons are examined in detail to the very bottom springs of all their actions, want of enlightenment in the shape of an attribute that does not endure any kind of excellence in others, would be found to be one of the governing streams. But one who has an evil eye need not necessarily be a bad man for all practical purposes. But the theory is, that it is the mind that causes evil influences attributed to the eye, and it is therefore that all eyes have not earned this reputation. There is a nice distinction made in the nature of the effect produced by an evil eye on different objects. Certain eyes, the eyes of certain men are considered liable to affect only certain objects and that other objects are comparatively safe. This also points to the mental origin of the evil eye influences.

It is not men alone but certain animals also are believed to exercise the evil eye. The dog, the cow, the calf, the serpent are all believed to be potent enough to cause harm through a look. If the domestic dog sees the child eating its food, the child next day has no appetite. Similar effects believed to result from other animals. The magnetising power of serpents, tigers, &c., is now a generally acknowledged fact.

As for the effect of the evil eye. A strong granite pillar is said to be broken in two after it was seen by a specified person. Growing plants with fruits and flowers are said to have withered away soon after their being brought under the visual range of a certain evil eye. An instance is also cited of the evil eye or the evil tongue, in this case, affecting a fruit-bearing-tree. A jack tree producing very good fruits was owned by a farmer. This farmer had relatives in a distant village. There was a marriage feast in the house of the farmer's relative. In order to oblige him a few chosen fruits were despatched for the feast. The people assembled relished the fruit and a very commendatory after-dinner speech was made regarding the farmer's good luck in possessing such a tree producing so sweet and large fruits. The next year the farmer's jack tree produced

nothing but leaves and the tree itself withered away in the third year. This may be an extreme case, and one would rather inspect the geological surroundings of the tree for getting an explanation of the fact of the tree fading away. But such is the nature of the facts on which the current belief is based.

Men and animals are believed to be liable to such influences to even greater extent than vegetables and minerals.

Beautiful milch cows are most zealously guarded and kept under concealment in back yards. They are seldom let out along with the village cows and buffaloes that are collectively taken care of in the winter by the common cowherd-boy. The effect of the evil eye is perceivable when after a sally out into the village common, the cow returns with swollen udders that would not milk but only bleed, and the calf does not as usual jump in to suck. A professional is brought in and he, according to his immemorial procedure breaks some cocoanuts and performs some Poojah to the diety presiding over cattle (called Mundiyan in these parts) and the cow and calf are all right in a day or two. It is believed that similar (*mutatis mutandis*) results would happen to bulls, horses and elephants.

Men are supposed to be variously affected. Slight headache and fever, want of appetite and general weakness of a painful nature are believed to be the characteristic symptoms of a person affected by an evil eye. It is also believed that a train of complaints ending even in death might be caused by the evil eye.

The modes of evading it are many but they all are based on the principle of opposing one force by the same force in an opposite direction. Presuming that the wording 'evading,' is so used as to include both 'preventing' and 'curing,' these two aspects are considered separately.

Measures adopted for the prevention of evils arising from being brought under an evil eye's range of vision are of two classes, temporary and permanent. Pictures of ugly figures such as monkeys with human dress, &c., are put up in the front of newly-built houses to prevent the evil eye from exercising its bad influence on the article sought to be saved by diverting attention to such objects as are conspicuous for indecent or obscure aspects of human, animal or combined pictures. This belongs to the temporary class seeking to avoid the difficulty by rounding the hill instead of cutting through.

Those of the permanent class belong to the category of Amulets, Talismans, &c., &c. ; . Question No. 56, to be dealt with separately.

Measures adopted for curing any complaint brought on, as supposed by the evil eye are based upon the principle of mesmeric and will force.

Some crumbs of bread or a little water, or a cup of Ghee is taken to

the professional who mesmerises the same by means of a Darbha grass—conductor of mesmeric force—held in the hand on the one end, and touching the bread or water on the other, the operator in the meanwhile, concentrating his mind and will on the object to be secured by repeating a MANTRA whose meaning and force are found to be suited for the purpose to be gained.

So much has been said and written in modern times about the fact of the will force that no attempt need now be made to emphasise the acknowledged facts of an obvious nature.

That the intention is so, is proved by the further practice of not putting the mesmerised article on the earth and of not allowing the person who carries the medicated article from the professional to the patient, to speak to anybody, before the article is swallowed by the recipient.

These precautions apparently serve to keep up the stored up force in the dose, without being allowed to dissipate itself through the earth, or to be confounded with other sets of will vibrations that would necessarily be generated if the carrier is allowed to talk and think, as he pleases, in the way, keeping the article in his hand. This would, besides, go a little way to augment the already-charged energy by the additional thoughts and volitions of the carrier, who, not being allowed to talk in the interim, may be reasonably expected to have his thoughts concentrated on the thing he carries.

This is how one bad force is counteracted by another good force (in the same mental plane) that afterwards exhibits its results in due course in the physical and physiological words.

This seems to point to a rational explanation of this universal belief which is probably next to the belief in the existence of evil and good ghosts, in its general credibility.

Quotations from books relating to the matter are avoided because such information as can be got at from recorded data are desired to be excluded from notes of this kind. *Vide* last sentence of para. 3 of letter, dated 4th August, 1898.

In popular phraseology the words used to designate the evil eye are also calculated to strengthen the view, now set forth, of the mental origin of the evil influence. The terms used in this local area mean an eye-shot, an eye-stroke—translated literally.

The theory has been very boldly set forth in Swami Vivekananda's Raja Yoga that nothing moves in this world that is not PRANIC in its origin, sweeping away the cautious exception of Sir Henry Maine, in the famous expression "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in its origin." This Pranic motion is capable of manifesting itself in unexpected quarters and in an unexpected manner.

Although as yet no instrument sensitive enough to indicate the subtle movements of this force has been invented, modern science would eventually arrive at the same goal from which the ancients started. That is, starting from the *à priori* they found out the leading laws regulating the cosmology of this universe, whereas starting from *à posteriori* the same point is being reached step by step and from generalisation to generalisation, both methods forming the counterparts of one and the same whole.

The theory of a dual consciousness has already been brought forward in good earnest by Mr. Frederick Meyers, Honorary Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research at the last meeting of the British Medical Association in Edinburgh. The dual consciousness according to him consists (1) "of the ordinary consciousness of which we are cognizant, (2) a deeper, higher and more untrammelled consciousness—termed the subliminal strata of mind, which we know not in our normal conditions but which under certain circumstances, manifests itself more or less distinctly." These subliminal strata of mind may correspond with the unconscious mental modifications of Sir W. Hamilton. To theorise on the nature and contents of this yet unexplored,—unexplored by modern science, region would be bold dogmatism instead of calm demonstration.

It may be safely advanced, anyhow, at this stage of the development of science, that a force acting from one point in this unconscious plane upon another point in the same plane, connected in the lower plane with another human centre, may be expected to manifest itself more or less distinctly in the physiological or physical side. This is urged as a working hypothesis and may be tested in an innumerable number of instances before being acknowledged.

In the editorial relating to the question of Indian Folk Lore in the *Times of India* a hope was expressed that the notes that would be collected in response to the circular containing printed questions of Mr. W. Crooke, might contain some real explanation regarding the curious phenomena relating to the subject. An explanation that would satisfy all phenomena, if such there can be, can undoubtedly satisfy anyone of them.

VIII.—*On the Origin of the Chāklaī Musalmāns.*—By MAULAVI ABDUL WALI.

[Received 17th March; Read 4th April, 1899.]

Of the several villages designated Chākla (چاکلا) and mentioned in the "Village Directory" (Vol. X, Jessore), one has given its name to a particular class of Musalmāns that now dwell in and around the village. The village Chākla, within the Police station of Munirāmpūr, District Jessore, is snugly situated on the left bank of the river Kapōtakṣa (Kabadak). A few miles north of Trimohini the river winds and turns in such a zigzag way that the Mauza Chākla is surrounded on its three sides—east, south and west—by the blue-watered river;¹ while on its north lies a *khāl* (inlet) called Jhāñpar-khāl. Here in this insular village as well as in the neighbouring ones; viz., Diyārā, Manahārpūr, Khurd-Pakuriyā, Uludāñgā, Salimpūr, Dulāipur etc., inhabit a certain low class Muḥammadan families as a distinct tribe, who all originally belonged to the aforesaid Chākla.

The cause why they became alienated from their other fellow-Muslims was told me, some time ago, while I was waiting, at the Trimohini ghāt for the steamer that plies between Jhīñgargācha and Kapilāmuni.

Once upon a time, says the tradition, there lived a certain family of Muḥammadans in the above-mentioned village "Chākla." Their only offence—a serious offence, indeed, in the opinion of the Indians—was that they had sold fish which they had caught in their village *bāñdāl*. A channel of running water obstructed by constructing a *band*—often of bamboo—for catching fishes with traps or nets is called a *bāñdāl*. Whether these Chākla men sold the fish in the *bazār*, or to fishermen that were passing by their *bāñdāl* are matters not yet definitely settled, and are immaterial for the purpose of this paper. They on their part repudiate the assertion, and maintain that they were never guilty of such an offence. Their own version of the tradition is that their neighbours—with whom they were in enmity, and had party feelings—contrived to bring them into disgrace. A number of fishermen, who were secretly tutored by their enemies, on being questioned by the villagers whence they had got the fish, replied, "Oh, we bought them from such and such ones, who were catching fish, and sell them to us." Those men who—truly or falsely—were considered guilty of selling fish by the villagers, were at once excommunicated.

¹ Kapōt-pigeon, akṣa-eye, means "pigeon's eye" so called from its beautiful blue water.

From this time the other Musalmans do not eat or drink with them, nor do they smoke the same *huqqā* (or pipe). The excommunicated men—ever since called *Chāklaī Musalmāns*, whether they live at Chākla or not—live thenceforth separately and exclusively. They marry among themselves, and are invited only in their own tribal *ziyafats* or feasts. This breach of the social law is as unusual, as the punishment inflicted on the unfortunate man is unduly severe. The punishment, however, is not sanctioned by Islamic Law.

A milkman (Gowālā) whom I asked as to the population of the community replied thus, "It requires forty (40) *mans* of *dahī* (curd), which is a *sine qua non* in Bengali feasts, to entertain the community as a whole. This quantity of *dahī* is required for 4,000 adult persons, but including the boys, the quantity suffices for 5,000 persons." They according to this novel—and I suppose, correct—method of census-taking are about five thousand men. As these feasts are partaken of by male members only, I would, therefore, estimate the population, both male and female, to be about *ten thousand* souls. The community is fast multiplying, is very compact, and shy of any undue interference from outside.

A Brahman lad told me that the Chākla Musalmāns were as robust as they were ruffianly, and would not allow other Musalmāns—whom they consider as their sworn enemies—to live peacefully with them. Their conduct towards other communities also was not amicable. But the picture is overdrawn, and I daresay, imaginary and may be true of his own village. These men are—as I have stated before—to be found in one locality only; *viz.*, at Chākla, and the neighbouring villages, on either banks of the river Kapōtakṣa, and nowhere else. The Musalmān fishermen are called *Nikāris*, or *Pazārs* as in some places.



IX.—On the legendary Origin of the river Kūmrul and Bīl Kākūlī, &c., in
the District of Jessore—By MAULAVI ABDUL WALI.

[Received 29th January; Read 1st March, 1899.]

This river and the lakelet with several of its offshoots are situated in Sub-Division Jhenidah, Zilā Jessore. The following legends as to their origin are current, and narrated by the young and old of North Jessore.

THE PŪRA ÇIVA.

It is said that once upon a time there was somewhere an image of the Hindu god Çiva, with a *pāras-patthar*, or philosopher's-stone, on its crown. A holy Sanyasi, in the course of his wanderings happened to come to the place where the idol had been established. The precious stone, a mere touch of which would convert iron into gold, was too tempting, even for the holy man, who at once conceived of a plan to rob the idol of the precious stone. The plan adopted was this. In the day time he used to gather cow-dungs and twigs, to which he would set fire at night, close to the temple of Çiva, and would cry on the top of his voice "O come and rescue me; the Sanyasi is burning me." People on hearing the cry ran towards the Çiva temple, and what they saw was that the Sanyasi was sitting by the side of the fire, adding fuel to the flame, and himself crying as such. The villagers came for a day or two on hearing the above cry of the wily hermit, but none did come after the lapse of a few days.

When the Sanyasi saw that none would turn up at the cry of alarm, one night he kindled a huge fire as usual, and having *confined the idol with a charm*, dragged it into the burning flame. The image then began crying like the Sanyasi, "O come and rescue me; the Sanyasi is burning me." But nobody came. Being quite helpless, Çiva (for the idol was no longer an inanimate being) implored the Sanyasi to desist from burning him; and asked him what he wanted of him. "I want the *pāras-patthar*" said the Sanyasi. "Nay, do ask something else" said the helpless god. The hermit persisted that nothing but the stone he wanted. At last Çiva was compelled to yield, but *cursed* the Sanyasi. The *pāras-patthar* became at once separated from the crown of Çiva, which the Sanyasi secured. Çiva being thus rescued, plunged into a *Bīl* hard by.

After a while the god appeared to a fisherman in a dream, and told him to take the image to his house, for it would be good for him.

This the fisherman did, and the image was thenceforth called *Pōra-Çiva*, or burnt-Çiva. According to another version, the fisherman, while fishing in the *Bīl*, found the burnt image, and took it home.

The Sanyasī.

The Sanyasī having thus got the precious stone, again set out on his wandering expedition, and arrived at Mauza Dignagar, a village close to the Harinakumda Outpost, Sub-Division Jhenidah. In that village there lived at that time a *Kumar* or potter named *Dē-Pāla*, to whose house the Sanyasī repaired, and became his guest. The potter was very pious and hospitable towards his guests. The hermit having rested a while, hung his *Jhōlā* (wallet) at the *pūṣalā* (a house where the potters burn the earthen pots), went to have a bath at the *Bāōr* or lake. The wallet in which was the philosopher's stone was wet; and drops of water that fell from it upon a *spade* that was beneath transformed the latter into gold. *Dē-pala* at once saw what the wallet, from which the drops fell, contained. He searched the wallet, took the stone out, while the Sanyasī was still absent, and went into the secluded part of his house, where he found it after experiment to be the genuine *elixir*, or *pāras-patthar*. The Sanyasī was in the habit of washing it with water, after his daily bath, and drinking the water, and then making *puja*. Having returned from the customary bath and ablution, he searched his wallet; but to his horror he found that the stone was not in it. He then accused the potter that he must have taken it, but *Dē-Pāla* swore that he knew nothing of it. The Sanyasī became very much mortified, and asked the potter that if he would return the stone he would bless him, and that he would become a great and happy man. The potter, however, persisted that he had no knowledge of the stone. The Sanyasī to his great mortification said, "Dē-Pāla, you shall no doubt be a very wealthy man, but remember that at last your family shall become extinct."

Thus having cursed, with a curse on his own head, the unhappy Sanyasī proceeded on with his *Jhōlā*, and gave up his ghost close to a place called *Singā*, or *Singā-Jangal*; and everything that he had in his wallet fell scattered. So far the curse of *Çiva* was fulfilled. From every part of his unholy body as well as the things cast asunder gushed out *dahas*, or more properly lakelets as a consequence of the curse of *Çiva*.

The Bīl Kākulī and its offshoots.

The Sanyasī dropped down dead, north and south. His two *arms* and *head* are indicated by a *daha*, or lakelet, called *Hatha-daha* and

Matha-daha (Hatha=arm : Matha=head). The lakelet is also called Jōgi-daha in memory of the death of the Jōgi or Sanyasi.

His body and legs are also indicated by a part of the *daha*.

The two *Bīls*, called Bara-Kāṅkuli and Chota-Kāṅkuli (that is, big and small Kāṅkulis) were formed on the spots where the two Kāṅkulis or Combs—big and small—had fallen. Kāṅkuli or Kāṅkui = a Comb).

At-la-daha is the name of that part of the *daha*, where the *Ātla* (a hollow mortar used for grinding *bhang* or Indian hemp) was thrown.

Chōta-daha is the name of that part of the *daha* where the stick of the Sanyasi had dropped, (*chōta*=a stick).

The *khāl* which touches the *Hātha-daha* and *Māthā-daha*, and joins with the *Bara-Kāṅkuli* is named either *Chōta-daha* or *Hātha-khāl*, being the spot identical with the left arm of the Sanyasi.

The entire space occupied by the above water-channel or rather lagoon measures about three miles by one-and-a-half. Viewed from a high place, the entire space looks somewhat like the body of a human-being;

Rāja Dē-Pāla, and the river Kūmrul.

The potter became in time very rich and a *Rājā*, and established his capital at Dignagar. The rent which he used to collect was—neither gold, silver or shell, but—old ploughs, spades, and things made of iron. These he transmuted into pure gold by the touch of the *pāras-patthar*, stolen from the wallet of the Sanyasi. After a while *Rāja Dē-Pāla* had a *Kumar* (crocodile) made of gold, and caused it to be placed into a tank, called *Sālphaliya*—the dried bed of which can still be seen. The golden crocodile was restored into life, and no sooner was an eye given to it, than it issued from the north-east of the tank, and proceeded onward. The spots traversed by the crocodile became a river, called *Kūmrul*—after the *Kūmar* (or crocodile). The *Kumar* in this way went as far as Sonargāon, in the District of Dhākā (Dacca), where it was killed. The course of the channel, as traversed by this supernatural agent, is very zigzag and tortuous; the river is navigable in certain places, in the rainy season, and becomes dry, more or less, in other seasons of the year.

The river *Kūmrul*, as stated above, issues forth from the *Sālphaliya* tank, in Dignagar, and runs through Phalsī, Āṇḍoliyā, Tōlā, Narāyānpur, Arnyākāndi Sohāgpur, Srip haltalā, Dūdṣar and Biṣṇupūr. Here, at the last-named place, the river takes the name of *Kūmārhor*. On account of construction of roads and embankments, in places the traces of the river are almost lost. The river *Kūmrul* has so many *bends* because, so it is believed, the crocodile had but one eye.

THE CARRIER-PIGEONS AND THE DEATH OF THE RĀJA TOGETHER WITH
*HIS FAMILY.

The Rāja enjoyed his ill-gotten wealth for a time, built houses, and constructed roads, and had had several children born to him. At last he, or according to another version, one of his descendants—Rāja Sālphaliya—was summoned by the reigning Nawab or Emperor. Being apprehensive of his life, as well as that of his family, the Rāja took a pair of *carrier-pigeons* with him. Before proceeding, he told the members of his household that if any evil befel him, he would let the pigeons off, so that as soon as they should see these pigeons they should conclude that he was condemned to death. But lest they themselves be dishonoured, they were told, that as soon as they saw the carrier-pigeons, to go on board a boat, and drown themselves in the Sālphaliya tank by locking the cabin of the boat, and letting the water in by making holes in its botton.

The Rāja was, however, honourably acquitted, and rode triumphantly towards his home at Dignagar. Being thirsty, he stopped at a place—some four miles south of his capital—to quench his thirst. The pigeons which were on his arms became restless at the sight of the water and got accidently released. The Rāja knowing full well the terrible consequence of this, rode off with a view to reach home before his family and children had taken the fatal step. But alas! he was too late. The boat had already gone down, only its topmast was visible. Dē-Pālā or Sālphaliya seeing that his life—without those who were nearest and dearest to him—was not worth living, himself plunged, with his horse, into the tank. Thus the curse of the Sanyasī—who too had been cursed by Īiva—was literally fulfilled. The place where the Rāja had stopped to drink from the water of the stream and see the *pairas* (or pigeons) let loose from his arms is from this time called Pairadahā (or Pigeon Abyss). Every year during Bārūni Gangā bathing festival in the Bengali month of Chaitra (March—April) people go there to bathe in the stream.

Conclusion.

The story of the Rāja is variously related, but the main plot is the same as stated above. The tank of Sālphaliya is said by some to be the work of Rāja Sālphaliya—or more correctly Raja Sāli Mohan—who was the cast of the line founded by Dē-Pala. There is a *Jāṅgāl* or a very wide road—passing from Dignagar towards south—said to be constructed by Dē-Pālā, or Sālphaliya.

Some years ago, while digging earth, traces of a house with stone-pillars and roof were found out at Dignagar, believed to be the remains

of the palace of Raja Dē-Pālā. Several pieces of cloth were found in a part of the house; but when touched they became like dust. The stones are ornamented with pictures. I do not know if they have any inscriptions, not having seen them myself. It is also said—with how much truth I do not know—that at the village of Dē-Gāoṅ in the District of Birbhūm, there are or were four mud mounds, popularly called *sthūpa* where treasure was buried by Raja Dē-Pālā. Dē-Gāoṅ is named after Dē-Pālā.

I believe, that there was a line of wealthy *Rajas*, whose palaces and houses existed at Dignagar; and perhaps, the hermit who was supposed to be the possessor of a precious stone was done to death for the same, and the *Daha* or lagoon is the spot where his body was thrown. But the story shows the undying belief of the natives of the East to the virtue of the Philosopher's-stone, which can turn inferior metals into gold; and that this hidden knowledge is possessed by Faqirs, hermits and Sanyāsis—who do not live the worldly lives, and do not care for the riches of the world. It is also believed by the Indian public that persons who commit a very heinous or sacrilegious crime die an unusual and violent death. *Can it be that the Rāja—Dē-Pālā, or Dēv-Pālā—was not a potter, but a member of the great Pala kings of Bengal?* There can be very little doubt that Dignagar contained a very extensive palace of a potentate in by-gone times.

X.—*The tradition of the "Ṭīṛ Rāja"*—By MAULAVI ABDUL WALI.

[Received 29th January; Read 1st March, 1899.]

As an illustration of the foregoing story and the wide-spread belief of the Eastern people with regard to—

(a) Philosopher's stone, and

(b) Carrier-pigeons

the following "Folk-tale" of *Ṭīṛ Rāja* is of interest.

In the district of the 24-Parganas, sub-division Satkhira* (Sāt-Ghariya), police station Kalarōa (Kalara) there is a place where are still to be seen traces of a mud-built fort or rampart and entrenchment, and several large and small tanks, attributed to a Rāja of the *Ṭīṛ* caste of fishermen.

Once upon a time while this *Ṭīṛ* fisherman was plying his fishing-boat, a hermit or Sanyasī asked him to take him across the *bil* (or a large sheet of water). The fisherman consented and while in the mid-stream *something* from within the holy man's *jhōla* or wallet came in contact with an iron instrument of the boat, and transmuted it at once into gold. The *Ṭīṛ* fisherman thus found out that the wallet of the Sanyasī contained the *pāras-patthar*, which he snatched away from the hermit and threw him overboard into the channel (*bil*). While the holy man was being caste into the water, he *curst* his murderer that he too would die the same death, with his family and children, and that his line would be extinct, and none would remain of his posterity. To die without children is the greatest calamity that a Hindu can conceive of.

The *Ṭīṛ* became a great Rāja. The revenue, which he used to receive from his tenants, consisted of old ploughs, spades, scythes, and sickles, all of iron, which he used to convert into pure gold. He had a large family and built a fort and entrenchments, and excavated six times-twenty-and-six (= 126) tanks.

The Rāja enjoyed his power for a short time when he was summoned by the Nawab to give account of his deeds. Lest he be killed for his faults and his family dishonoured he took a pair of carrier-pigeons (*piārās*). If he was honourably acquitted, so much the better, otherwise, he would let the pigeons fly—which, the family was told, would be the sure sign of his death, and their disgrace.

* Since a few years Satkhira forms a sub-division of the Khulna district.

The Rāja was honourably acquitted, but while riding home the pigeons flew from his arm. His family and children on seeing the pigeons rushed into a boat closing the cabin, and making a hole in the bottom drowned themselves. The Rāja who arrived soon after also drowned himself. The curse of the hermit was thus fulfilled. The tank in which they were drowned is called *Bara-pūkhar* (big-tank).

In the Survey-map the spot is marked as containing a *fort*. The village is called Nawapara Mañighar, and also Gaṛhdāñī (dāñī or dāṅgā means an elevated place); *i.e.*, an elevated place containing a *garh* or fort. The particular spot containing the fort is sometimes called "Dāñā-Mañighar," or "Dhan-potar Dāñā," implying buried treasure. Until lately no two ploughmen could be seen ploughing together where the Tīr-Rāja's fort is situated, lest there should be a quarrel, about the unearthed treasure which is sometimes found there.
